

Magazine Number

# The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 715 | FIFTEENTH YEAR  
VOL. XXIV

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

THE CRITIC CO. { \$5 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE  
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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895

## Literature

### Semitic Tradition and History

1. *Genesis and Semitic Tradition.* By John R. Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. *History, Prophecy, and the Monuments.* By James Frederick McCurdy. Vol. I. *To the Downfall of Samaria.* Macmillan & Co.

THE LABORS of the Oriental scholars and investigators are yielding already abundant fruit. Western Asia and Egypt have given up the secret entrusted to them by antiquity, and now a half-century beholds a larger progress in our knowledge of the language and history of the Hebrew sacred books than all the preceding period since they were written. It becomes clear from Prof. Davis's volume (1), that we are now in a better situation to understand the mythical element in Genesis than the very writers or compilers of the work. The traditional myths that belong to the Semitic stock (if, indeed, there be any such thing as the Semitic stock) are of extreme interest, not only from a Biblical, but from an anthropological standpoint. They represent an ethical turn, perhaps the earliest among primitive peoples, and their influence upon and extension into Aryan religion and life is one of the hitherto little explored problems in the science of religion and of mankind. Prof. Davis is especially concerned in separating the mythical from the other material of Genesis; that is, he purposes to help us to say how much of the early part of the book belongs to the stock of primitive Semitic folk-lore. The general knowledge of the cuneiform records we now have facilitates this task. The author shows critical acumen. He admits that there is Babylonian material in the stories of the Creation, the Sabbath, Eden, the Temptation, Cain and Abel, the Deluge, etc.

In regard to the primitive Semitic cosmogony, he thinks that, if we translate the names of the gods into those names of the forces and agencies of Nature for which they originally stood, we will see how, in the main, the Hebrew form of the legend is at once monotheistic and unique. He does not admit that the Sabbath can have been derived from Babylon or Egypt; therefore it must have been specially revealed to the Hebrew writer. Izdubar, or Gilgames, he believes to have been a historical personage. Was Osiris a historical personage, were Herakles, Baldr, Gwynniddion, Yama? Was every culture-hero of folk-faith a hero of history? Euhemerus and his theory have long ago been laid away in the store house of cast-off contrivances. While it may well be supposed that Abraham, coming out from Ur of the Chaldees with a father who remained an idolater, must have preserved some of the Sumero-Accadian legends, and handed them down to his descendants; yet, when it comes to the question of what and how much Hebrew theology is Semitic myth, the conservative ecclesiastic naturally shrinks from saying: his position is imperilled. Prof. Davis is, however, undoubtedly right in denying any causal relation between the Assyrian myth and the story of the Serpent and the Tree. Dr. W. Hayes Ward, Mennant and Sayce will support him. His conclusions about the essential significance of the traditions of the Semites, both eastern and western, relative to the creation of man, are sound. Touching Babel, he judiciously observes:—"The account of the Tower of Babel which has been transmitted to the Hebrews is a tradition. This fact must govern interpretation." And we venture, of ourselves, to add, that we are not asked to determine the origin of the tradition. The Assyrian tradition of the Tower is so ancient that it belonged to prehistoric Telloh, and gave its name to the constellation of the Illustrious Mound (*tihu ellu*) as early as 4700 B. C.

Thus it was called in those days; later it came to be known as Babel, the Gate of the God, which the Hebrew writer, ignorant of etymology, explained to mean "Confusion." This book of Dr. Davis's is useful for meditation. It conciliates the conservative, and grants what must at length be admitted, even by the opponents of scientific and historical criticism of the Bible, as beyond all further denial.

Prof. McCurdy's book (2) is more pretentious and serious. It is in reality a valuable work. He is conservative, it is true, but he is genuinely learned, and a man of a philosophic mind. His purpose is to present a general history of the Semitic races, but the interest of the book actually gathers around the Hebrew records. The result of this application of the study of the documentary and archeological history of the Egyptians, Hittites, Arameans, Assyrians, Babylonians and Israelites, is interesting in the extreme, especially at the present juncture. The book will not satisfy either the radical or the reactionary. It is candid. The vast and troubled sea of Asiatic politics in the earliest ages has been navigated by this writer. He has read his cuneiform texts to good purpose. Without such knowledge as this, the history and the religion of Israel are misunderstood and misinterpreted. The light cast upon the Hebrew prophetic writings by this work is searching. By it we see more clearly than before, how distinctively the mission of the prophets was a social and political one. We cannot dissociate the history of Israel, or the religion of Israel, from the history and religion of the neighboring peoples, and in particular of the Semites, without putting ourselves out of position to understand either their religion or the course of events. This author has a grasp of the whole subject, and we have failed to find in these pages any positive misstatement of fact.

He seems to us to suppose a more rapid political development of Israel than seems to have been probable in the conditions then extant. However, the matter is still obscure. The Hebrews seem to have been generally a parasitic nation, and their composition heterogeneous till the Maccabean times. It is certain that they mixed much with non-Semitic races. Of the history of the Hittites we know next to nothing, but infer that their influence upon the Jews was chiefly through intermarriage. The Israelites derived from their parent stock the social and governmental forms that prevailed during their early national life. The northern Semites made the town the centre of their organized community; their system of land-ownership, also, is remarkable and in many ways peculiar. Dr. McCurdy sees in the political career of Israel and Judah clear evidences of the superhuman power and guidance. He points out how their idea of God was enlarged from that of a national deity to that of a universal God. This appears in the writings of the prophets. Incidentally the Hebrew records are largely confirmed by the cuneiform texts. This historical confirmation is so extensive that the author does not stay to point it out. The conclusions of the more radical and destructive critics of the Hebrew writings will therefore not be accepted. While the monuments afford singular parallels to the Hebrew myths of religion, at the same time they confirm the historical books, the records of events.

What is to be the effect of this upon our popular theology it is too soon to say. We do not believe that the political and religious power of the Hebrew prophets is yet spent. The history of the Semites in Hebrew writings and on the monuments demonstrates one point, and that is that without social righteousness no nation will long stand. The records of the past also show this, that social righteousness disappeared when faith in the superhuman was abandoned. Dr.

McCurdy's next volume is promised soon. It will carry the account down to the Persian Captivity, the consequent denationalization of the Jews, and the beginning of the more general dominance of the Aryan ideals. The southern Semites, the Sabæans, Ethiopians and Arabs do not much enter the pages of this history. It is now acknowledged that we must go to northern Arabia to find the fountain-head of Semite custom, law and myth, yet to do so would be outside the purpose of this book, though a fuller consideration of the Arabs would have been more correct. Unfortunately the material is scant. While we cannot enter into details, we must in a general way pronounce this work a learned and judicious history. Since the first edition of Scraeder's "Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament," nothing has appeared in this branch of study that is likely to meet with such general welcome. It is a book that will be of real use to students of the Bible and of the ancient history of the East in general.

#### "Townsend Harris"

*First American Envoy in Japan.* By W. E. Griffis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE OPENING OF Japan is one of the most remarkable achievements of modern diplomacy, and her rebirth in the last generation rivals in strangeness that rebirth which Nicodemus found so impossible in the teachings of Jesus. One after another, the "hermit" nations of the East have reluctantly swung open their sealed and silent doors and let that blaze of glory—modern civilization—enter in. The conventional life of the Orient, in which whole nations have been shut up, has been burst in upon, like Coleridge's "silent sea"; light streams in on all sides where darkness and ignorance held sanguinary sway; Siam, Burmah, Korea, Japan, China, are now penetrated by the atmosphere of the nineteenth century, and their mouldering social and religious structures are dropping to pieces. First among the disintegrating agencies, of course, must be named the Dutch and English East India Companies, which, like the Virginia companies in the West, began their work as emollients and solvents centuries ago. Then one island and island-group after another—Philippines, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Ceylon—fell under European colonization and supremacy; the Yellow Sea became alive with vessels from Europe, and the coasts of China and Japan, impassable to all but Celestials, drew out of their half-fabulous mirage and assumed definite topography and indentation. No longer nebulous, Nippon revealed herself one day as a mighty and populous island-empire thronged with people, bustling with activity, the seat of immemorial feudalism, governed by a duarchy of spiritual and temporal powers combined, jealous to the last degree of outside interference, but ultimately amenable to reason. Reason appeared to Japan in 1853, in the person of Commodore Perry, whose celebrated expedition and resulting treaty were then the talk of the civilized world.

About this time a New York merchant—Townsend Harris by name, born in 1804—became personally known to Mr. Marcy, President Pierce's accomplished Secretary of State, as a man peculiarly well fitted to consummate the Perry treaty and carry it to its logical conclusion of opening the country thoroughly to western commerce. Mr. Harris had spent years in the East as a merchant, and was a linguist of no inconsiderable attainments, familiar with Oriental ways and manners, and versed in commercial and international law. In every way he was just the man for the emergency, for he was a bachelor unencumbered with a family, experienced in Eastern travel, possessed of ample means, officially connected at one time with the Government as Vice-Consul at Ningpo, and possessed of a calm, judicial, pertinacious temper as firm as a rock—just the temper to oppose to the fluctuating, fickle, mendacious and supple diplomats who then filled the Foreign Office of the Tai-Kun. The task suited Mr. Harris's ambition. In 1855, he was appointed Consul-General to

Japan, with powers to make a commercial treaty with that country and with Siam as well. He settled with his interpreter, Mr. Heusken (afterwards assassinated), at Shimoda, and for nearly three years—until January 1858—the two wrestled with the duplicity and cunning of one of the most double-minded and artful of Oriental nations, before the longed-for consummation—the commercial treaty—was attained, just as the thunders of the Sepoy Rebellion and the storming of the Peking palace were dying away on the air. No one can read the account of this heroic achievement as it is so admirably extracted from Mr. Harris's journals by Dr. Griffis—himself a specialist in things Japanese,—without calling it truly epic, worthy of the golden age of peaceful diplomacy, and truly American, worthy of the Great Republic whose mission is peace. Day and night, sick or well, in season and out of season, surrounded by difficulties that seemed insuperable, baffled by Oriental etiquette, misled by Eastern cunning, involved in the mazes and intricacies of a language that has no singular or plural, no relative pronoun or antecedent, no proper word for "brother" even, and into which all the niceties of diplomatic abstraction and international law had to be translated, this indefatigable American wrought on the Penelope-web until, unravel it as the Japanese might, it was actually woven and finished, and the Tai-Kun's signature affixed for all the world to see!

In 1861 Townsend Harris, broken in health, worn out with his labors, even threatened with assassination, asked his recall from President Lincoln. Seven years later the immense revolution occurred, which overthrew the old daimiate system, restored power to the true emperor, reorganized the feudal system, and foreshadowed the imperial diet and the enormous reforms of to-day. Less than two-score years have been sufficient to show the marvellous adaptability of the Japanese, their extraordinary powers of assimilation, the true cosmopolitan spirit of the people, and their wondrous natural talents and gifts. Mr. Harris's graphic journals, kept from day to day, reveal a Japan almost unintelligible to the student of to-day: one rubs one's eyes and exclaims, "Can these be the same people that have just gained the mighty victories of Port Arthur and Wai-hai-Wai, have dumbfounded and demoralized China, have cobwebbed their 2000 islands with railroads and telegraphs, admitted the principle of universal religious toleration, made treaties with all nations, and established modern universities like those of Berlin and London—all this in forty years?" It seems like a dream, and yet it is true. Townsend Harris is called by the Japanese their "benefactor": he might be called their "awakener," for they lay in dead slumber or in stupid indifference until he awoke them. Dr. Griffis is to be congratulated on presenting the public with this most important historical work, and clothing it in such clear, attractive and charming form.

#### "Southern Heroes"

*Or, the Friends in War Time.* By Fernando G. Cartland. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; published by the author.

IN THE PERSPECTIVE of the years since the war-cloud lifted, we can see that there were heroes who never went to the camp or battlefield. Besides those who "stayed at home to fight the copperheads" and maintain a sentiment loyal to the idea of Union, there were those who for conscience's sake "endured grief, suffering wrongfully." Under the doctrine of non-resistance of the Friends, there will undoubtedly often hide hypocrisy and treachery in time of war; but in every age of the world there have been men who have tried to follow Christ's teachings seriously, and who, believing that war is no part of Christianity, have refused to arm or fight. Difficult though it may be for the average man to see how civilization can be maintained without force and bloodshed, yet we must admire those who are willing to suffer for conscience's sake. In our various wars, colonial, revolutionary, or civil, it has not been difficult for the Quakers, who were settled in



the Northern states, to live up to their profession, for the laws protected them. In the Southern Confederacy, however, during the War of Secession, the Friends fared badly.

Mr. Cartland has endeavored to tell the story of the Southern Friends, and of their steadfast loyalty to principles in the midst of great trials. These Southern peace men were thoroughly patriotic and loyal to the Union; they were the foes of secession and disunion as well as of slavery. Up to the last moment they uttered their protests against the mad course upon which the South was entering. Unfortunately the author has very little idea of literary proportion, and consequently his octavo volume is a rag-bag of ideas, facts, opinions, meditations and moralizings; it has no particular chronological sequence, and its twenty-four chapters about pretty much everything connected with the War should have been condensed into five or six, wherein should have been told the simple story of those non-combatants, who, because of their principles, refused to enter the Confederate army, and who on that account were persecuted and often brutally treated. In 1862, the Confederate Government passed an Act exempting Friends, Dunkards, Nazarenes and Mennonites from military service on payment of a tax of \$500. Many of the Friends availed themselves of this well-meaning act, but others could not conscientiously do so. Believing literally in the protection of God Almighty, many of them willingly underwent cruelties at the hands of the authorities, who insisted that all such scruples should be harbored after, but not during, the War. Besides telling the story in detail, from diaries, documents, meeting-house archives, reports of committees, private letters and verbal testimony, the author is very liberal in drawing the lessons which accord with his tenets and professions; for in the main these persecuted people survived political hatred, military tyranny and pure maliciousness, which brings out more vividly the protective value of peace principles, when faithfully practised. The work deserves the attention of all who believe in the principles of peace taught by Christ, as well as of those who hope that future ages will abolish the soldier and his trade from the earth.

#### "The Writings of Thomas Jefferson"

Collected and Edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Vol. V. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS VOLUME covers the years 1788-92, and, like its predecessors, abounds in matter of importance and interest to the student of American history. How closely the weal and woe of this country were interwoven with the political intrigues and jealousies of Europe, has already been clearly demonstrated in Mr. Stevens's Facsimiles of documents in the French and English archives; Jefferson, who was in the midst of it all, gives in his correspondence glimpses of the state of affairs in Europe that supplement and explain the official papers. Nor does he deal with such matters alone. Here is, for instance, a reference to the Panama Canal, in a letter to William Carmichael, dated Paris, June 3, 1788:—"With respect to the *isthmus of Panama*, I am assured by *Burgoyne* (who would not choose to be named, however) that a survey was made, that a canal appeared very practicable, and that the idea was suppressed for *political reasons* altogether." The words printed in italics are in cipher in the original letter. The witty answer that gained him the good-will of the French court as Franklin's successor, Jefferson thus chronicles modestly, and evidently unaware of its brilliant cleverness:—"The succession to Dr. Franklin, at the court of France, was an excellent school of humility. On being presented to anyone as the minister of America, the commonplace question used in such cases was, 'c'est vous, Monsieur, qui remplace le Docteur Franklin?' 'it is you, Sir, who replace Dr. Franklin?' I generally answered, 'no one can replace him, Sir: I am only his successor.'"

In a letter to Mrs. William Bingham he says:—"The gay and thoughtless Paris is now become a furnace of Politics. All the world is now politically mad. Men, women, children talk nothing else, and you know that naturally they talk much, loud and warm. Society is spoilt by it, at least for those who, like myself, are but lookers on. You too have had your political fever. But our good ladies, I trust, have been too wise to wrinkle their foreheads with politics. They are contented to soothe and calm the minds of their husbands returning ruffled from political debate. They have the good sense to value domestic happiness above all other, and the art to cultivate it beyond all others. There is no part of the earth where so much of this is enjoyed as in America. You agree with me in this; but you think that the pleasures of Paris more than supply its wants; in other words that a Parisian is happier than an American. You will change your opinion, my dear Madam, and come over to mine in the end. Recollect the women of this capital, some on foot, some on horses, and some in carriages hunting pleasure in the streets, in routs and assemblies, and forgetting that they have left it behind them in their nurseries; compare them with our own countrywomen occupied in the tender and tranquil amusements of domestic life, and confess that it is a comparison of Americans and angels."

#### "When Valmond Came to Pontiac"

A Story of a Lost Napoleon. By Gilbert Parker. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

THE TITLE OF THIS story is happily adapted to the alluring of the reader, who is at once incited to discover the connotation of the two unfamiliar and pleasant names; it is happy, too, in its reserve, for, had the name of Napoleon appeared more prominently, there would have been some readers frightened away at the outset, so large a part of modern literature has the name monopolized. It would have been, however, their loss; for the book is an exceedingly agreeable one, and has not a suspicion of becoming wearisome from beginning to end. It may be well to say, for the benefit of those who are still afraid of finding themselves committed to further Napoleonic researches, that the story is that of a pretender, thoroughly convinced of his own claims to the imperial lineage and inheritance, whose whole career, from triumphant opening to tragic close, is played in a little village of French Canada, among a people entirely sensitive to the force of the tradition which he set himself to represent. The central figure is one of unbroken dignity and attraction, thrown into still more striking relief by a skilful contrast with his chief opponent, the "insolent, petty, provincial Seigneur"—ennobled further by triumph over a very human temptation, whose momentary power brings him nearer to us and leaves him the more lifelike.

Mr. Parker's artistic skill is shown again by the introduction of a single personage from the outside world, a fascinating American woman sufficiently at home in Pontiac not to seem incongruous, and yet a link with our own familiar surroundings to heighten still further the vivid and real effect of the whole picture. It is not altogether fantastic to let oneself wonder what would have been the artistic result of such a character among the somewhat shadowy outlines of the Voshti Hills. But in Pontiac all the characters are clearly as well as tenderly and sympathetically drawn, and one follows the fortunes of Valmond and his little band of loyal adherents with keen interest to the end, so admirable in its simple pathos. If one were to fall foul of Mr. Parker at all, it would be for what seems to us the questionable taste of appropriating for the purposes of the story the real personage who appears in the Epilogue—Prince Pierre, son of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. To drag in a man who was alive only fifteen years ago comes very close to making free with the names of those who are alive to resent the familiarity. But perhaps Mr. Parker's theory is that of many people nowadays, which denies privacy to the titled and the

rich; and, after all, he has said nothing bad about one whose life afforded a number of picturesque features for a *chronique scandaleuse*.

### The Aristocracy of Ecclesiastics

1. *The Bishop's Blue Book*. By J. Sanders Reed. 2. *The Crozier and the Keys: A Companion Volume to The Bishop's Blue Book*. By J. Sanders Reed. James Pott & Co.

THERE MUST BE not a few who do not know just how to take Mr. Reed. They are of the sort who ask, "What does anyone see in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy'?" What is the use in writing such books as the elder Disraeli produced?" We shall not waste time in trying to persuade such to read Mr. Reed's books. There are minds that need to be born again before they can appreciate, say, "The Lives of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle and of His Wife, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, Written by the Thrice Noble and Illustrious Princess, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle." In short, Mr. Reed does not appeal to the pit. His audiences will perhaps be small, like M. Mounet-Sully's when he played "Œdipe-Roi" in this city, last winter. Yet upon the contemporary stage, what performance is greater than that of M. Mounet-Sully in "Œdipe-Roi"? Mr. Reed's writings are not grand, but they are characterised by a curious felicity. The "Blue Book" (1) contains the annals of exceptional prelates, of those who have cried "Nolo episcopari," and of others who have hastened to be bishops even though no one asked them. Then there comes a list of soldier-bishops, in the roster of whom we find not that our author has written the name of Leonidas Polk. Among the episcopal politicians and statesmen, we fail to find the illustrious name of Laud, or of Richelieu, or of Mazarin, or of Talleyrand. In the chapter on missionary bishops, we wish that Mr. Reed had given us his characterisations, done with a few strokes of the pen, of Hannington, Selwin, Pattison, Chase and Kemper. When we come to the chapter on the bishops who were married, we are astonished—the list is so long and so illustrious.

The Red Book—"Crozier and Keys" (2)—extends the list, giving bishops and popes who were sons of bishops and popes. St. Peter, the Apostle Spyridion (the quaintest character of hagiography), Pope Gregory I. (there were several other married popes), Bishop Gregory of Nazianzus, Hilary of Poitiers and Gregory of Nyssa are of the best known. If we had the space, we should quote some of the clever paragraphs where Mr. Reed hits off in a skilful way the life and dispositions of his episcopal heroes. All the while, his fine instinct keeps him from speaking evil of dignitaries. He does not cheaply ridicule mitres, which modern Anglican prelates place upon their slippers, writing-paper and house-gables—anywhere but on their heads,—nor does he turn up his nose at that useful garment, the bishop's apron. Conscientiously he confines himself to collecting some *ana* of the episcopate. In the preface that Mr. Reed wrote after finishing his book, he indulges in some serious reflections and logical deductions. The reader had better put off reading that preface till some time after he has finished reading the book, otherwise he loses much enjoyment. "Crozier and Keys," which is really an extension of the "Blue Book," is itself capable of further extension.

The record of odd bishops is extended in this work. We read of parochial, Tulchan, uncanonical, missing, lay, Presbyterian, schismatical, old-time, and married, as well as of several other sorts of bishops. The succession is queer and vastly entertaining. As a museum of curiosities, this collection would be difficult to surpass. The books are unique, and delightful from a literary point of view. It has been said that Southey's "Doctor" is a compound of quotations from books that never were read; Mr. Reed's two books strike one as the quintessence of chronicles that no one ever dips into. In an entirely unpretentious manner, the author has piled into his books a mountain of erudition. Yet his

learning rests easy upon his shoulders. Evidently he is a man of books, of out-of-the-way books, and with a sense of appreciation of the tragi-comedy of human history. If one puts his soul into Pertz's "Monumenta Germanica," or into Trollope's "Barchester Towers," he may extract thence both sweetness and light. It appears that this writer has been thoroughly Fichtean, and has projected his *ego* into his book-shelves. Hence, about the exceptional subject of exceptional bishops, we have two exceptional books. They will not prove as popular—that is to say, as widely read—as "Mr. Barnes of New York," but doubtless the author will be satisfied with the quality of his circle of readers. May the circumference of that circle grow larger with the appearance of each successive volume of the projected series. We await with pleased anticipation the publication of "The Bishops of the Councils."

### Fischer on Faust

Goethe's Faust. By Kuno Fischer. (Vol. I. Faust Literature before Goethe.) Trans. by Harry Riggs Wolcott. Manchester, Ia.: H. R. Wolcott.

THE FAUST SAGA, like the sagas of the Descent into Hell, the Wandering Jew, the Culture Hero, and the Vicarious Passion, belongs to the lore and the literature of all races. The heart of the Faust myth is precisely that of the narrative of Genesis about the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil." In many forms has the story appeared in the folk-lore of the nations. Without any ostentatious opulence of erudition, but in an attractive style, the author tells us of some of the more striking predecessors of the Faust of Goethe. We admire how he restrains himself from telling all he knows: there is something classical in his moderation. In antiquity, he writes, there were the legends of Simon and Helena, of Cyprian of Antioch, and of Theophilus. While this account is far from exhausting the original material of the Teutonic Faust saga, it has the advantage of not overloading the pages with matter; and in these days, when literary form is prized so highly, the advantage of this method of treatment cannot be gainsaid.

After glancing in this cursory manner at the origins of the Faust saga, the author goes on to treat with striking brevity of "The Christian Magus Legend of the New Epoch"; and then takes up "The Growth of the Faust Legend." Here, again, Prof. Fischer has exhibited his discretion, in not presenting us with pages turgid with facts. As though himself a *diable boiteux*, he strides across mountains of literature and folk-lore belonging to the Faust myth, and refrains from casting looks earthward. The pace is august, "Et verus incessu patuit deus." We thank the skies, Shangti, that our world is not left forlorn of German professors. The translator is *hors de concours*. We are grateful that this restful work has fallen into our hands. Its treatment is much in the admirable manner of the Chautauqua literature, it charms without being too exacting, and we can confidently commend it to a public that wants the road to learning made easy. The book is indeed adapted to be a popular treatise, and should lie on every marble-top centre-table in the land. The second volume, which is promised by the translator in January, will treat of "The Origin, Idea and Composition of Goethe's Faust." We look forward to its appearance with pleasure.

### The Novels of John Galt

IT IS A singular mistake that Mr. S. R. Crockett makes in his introduction to the new edition, issued by Roberts Bros., of the novels of John Galt, when he says that their dialect—the admirable Scotch dialect of which, Burns excepted, he is the greatest master—has prevented and may again prevent their being appreciated at the value that he sets upon them. If it were not for the dialect, he seems to think, the "Annals of the Parish" might have gained a place beside "The Vicar of Wakefield." If the "Annals of the Parish" were dependent on its touches of quiet humor and subdued character-drawing, its chances of finding new readers would be few, indeed. The piquant dialect will attract many to whom a beadle becomes an object of interest when he is called a "betterel," and who feel that to be "camstrairy" is to be unmanageable in a degree which cannot be expressed in English, and that a "smashery of the poor weans" is far more pathetic than a "slaughter of the innocents." This delightful dialect has made many a man a "classic," who, if he had been



bred to English, might never have got beyond the columns of the weekly paper. But it is true that Galt has other claims upon the reader, particularly if the latter is interested in old Scottish ways and views. Still, it is well that he was Scotch, for he has not, like Goldsmith, the power to present familiar things in an aspect which, because it is individual, must always be the unfamiliar. Besides Messrs. Roberts' edition of the "Annals" and "The Ayrshire Legatees," in two volumes, handsomely printed, but scantily illustrated, another edition of the same two stories, in one volume, on thinner paper, and in smaller type, but with many clever pen-and-ink sketches, by Charles E. Brock, is issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

#### Fiction

IT IS AN encouraging token, in these days of decadent fiction, that the novels of Dumas the elder continue to be brought out in new editions in French, and in all the civilized tongues of the globe. The excellent edition of his works published by Little, Brown & Co., which now embraces forty-eight volumes, may well be recalled to mind at the approach of the holidays. It consists of the Valois romances, the series devoted to d'Artagnan, the Regency romances, the Marie Antoinette romances, "The Page of the Duke of Savoy," "The Two Dianas," "Olympe de Clèves," "The Black Tulip," "The Count of Monte-Cristo," and the latest additions, "The Companions of Jehu" and "The Whites and the Blues," forming the Napoleon romances; and "The She-Wolves of Machecoul," which deals with the attempt of the Duchesse de Berry to incite a rebellion against the government of Louis Philippe. Bound together with the latter story is that of "The Corsican Brothers," which is not historical, and wherein the author himself appears. This edition is admirable from every point of view. It is inexpensive, well bound, clearly printed, and well translated.

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IN VOLUME IX. of the Defoe series, containing the "Journal of the Plague," the illustrator is at his best. The fantastic horrors of the burial scene, Captain John's vagabonds camping at Epping, and the interior scene which serves as frontispiece, lead one to put a new and higher estimate upon Mr. Yeats's powers. Mr. Aitken reminds the reader of the timeliness of the first publication of the "Journal," the Plague, which made its appearance at Marseilles in 1720, having caused considerable alarm even in England. It is suggested that Defoe's information about the plague may have largely come from his uncle, Henry Foe, who "was born in 1628, and may very well have been in London in 1665." He may also have had some personal memory of the Plague, as he was six years old at the time; but it is certain that he derived much of his material from books such as "London's Dreadful Visitation." Extracts from several of these contemporary narratives are given in an appendix. (Macmillan & Co.)—OF DEFOE'S gallery of rogues, perhaps the most interesting member is Colonel Jacque, who, while thief and pickpocket, never forgot that he had been born a gentleman, and was finally led by that remembrance to turn to honest ways, his reformation being rewarded, as was customary with Defoe, by riches and the consideration of the public. In his introduction, Mr. Aitken does not fail to echo his author's claim that this is a very moral story, and that "every wicked reader will be encouraged to a change" by it; and he adds at the end of the second volume two of Defoe's occasional pamphlets, one of which contains his notable proposal for a Protestant monastery. (Macmillan & Co.)—THE NEW Walden Edition, in two volumes, of Baroness Tautphoeus's novel of the Napoleonic wars, "At Odds," comes to us from the Knickerbocker Press in very handsome style, on rough paper with gilt tops, and in an artistic cover of dark green and gold. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THE PROMISED German edition of "Ben Hur" has been published, and seems to be very well done. A perusal of the chariot race, at least, shows that the translator was thoroughly well equipped for his certainly not too easy task. (Harper & Bros.)

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"DRUMSTICKS," by Katherine Mary Cheever Meredith (Johanna Staats), is one of those vivid pictures of child-ways and child-thoughts which are always among the most touching things in fiction, especially in the hands of a Mrs. Ewing; nor is the child of this book at all unworthy to be admitted into the company. The setting is a little unusual, consisting of the relations of a man, his wife, and a *tertium quid*, to borrow a convenient phrase; it is the last who is the mother of "Drumsticks." The

story tells how the child brings the man back to his wife; how, in turn, the man rescues the child from a heartless mother and gives it a taste, all too brief, of real home love; how the tender little flower is rudely plucked up again just as it begins to take root in the congenial soil, only to droop and die. All the four leading characters are lifelike and actual; after a course of new women, it is refreshing to be thrown with one like Charlotte Poole, who knows and is content with her *sottier de femme*—a good wife and mother, and intensely human, in her strength as in her weakness. The mother-in-law is more conventional—too much so, in fact; yet she contributes to the illustration of the other character. The book is not a perfect one by any means, but its strong points are decidedly more noteworthy and essential than its weak ones. (Transatlantic Pub. Co.)

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"THE HONOUR OF THE FLAG," by W. Clark Russell, the latest volume of the Autonym Library, is a collection of eight short stories dealing with the life of a sailor in all quarters of the globe. They are somewhat unsatisfying, even for those who "like that sort of thing," as they give the impression of having been written to order, without the freshness and spontaneity which mark some of the longer tales from the same hand. The *motif* of one of them, "The Strange Adventures of a South Seaman," is even a recasting of an incident already used in "The Emigrant Ship." It is a rash thing for a landsman to criticise the author's nautical details; yet we have grave doubts as to the possibility of the second mate of a merchant vessel addressing a midshipman as "Mr. Russell." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—ANOTHER VOLUME of short stories by the same author is called "The Phantom Death," and most of what has been said above applies to it in equal measure. The tales are not bad, when read at rather long intervals, but a whole volume of them at one sitting—not to speak of two!—is too strong a dose for any but a depraved taste. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

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"CHURCH AMUSEMENTS; the Church Dramatic and Terpsichorean Association, Ltd.," is a satire, by James Francis Conover, on the "social," or, better, the amusement, side of modern churches. A couple of actors start a bureau for the providing of stage-settings, advice to amateurs, music, instruction, and even actors, actresses, dancers and plays, for church entertainments. The satire means more than appears at first glance. (Detroit, Mich.: Raynor & Taylor.)—"A Norse Idyll," by Calvin Gale Horne, is an illustrated story of love and travel in Scandinavia. Neither as literature nor art is it particularly good. (Robert Clarke Co.)—NEW EDITIONS have been issued of Björnson's "Heritage of the Kurts" (United States Book Co.), Zangwill's "Old Maids' Club" (Lovell, Coryell & Co.), Mrs. Oliphant's "Diana" (United States Book Co.); and the following novels have appeared in paper covers: "Jean Berny Sailor," by Pierre Loti, translated by E. P. Robins; and "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," by Tom Cobbleigh (Cassell Pub. Co.); "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," by Ambrose Bierce (Lovell, Coryell & Co.); and "Grania," by the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Macmillan & Co.)—OUR AMUSING FRIEND, "The Dragon of Wantley," of whose antics we gave some account on his first appearance, has broken forth again in a new paper-covered edition, with all Mr. Stewardson's clever pen-and-ink illustrations. Few more delightful Christmas books have been issued of late years. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

#### Recollections of Tauchnitz

(The Realm)

BARON TAUCHNITZ told me that his first trouble arose from his having undertaken to publish at so cheap a price; but such was his determined perseverance that he clung to his original intention, even when the cost of production doubled and trebled, as it has done in the course of the last half-century. No copyright law existed in those days, and he was not legally bound to pay a centime to the authors whose works he reproduced. But he made it a rule invariably to obtain their permission, and to pay as much for it, and generally more, than would have been due in market overt. Lord Macaulay, he told me, received more from him than any other author, and I was shown a letter in which the romancing historian, for once attacked by modesty, remarks, "I am ashamed to think how many better writers have toiled all their lives without making a fifth part of this sum."

I was also shown a letter from Disraeli containing the following characteristic phrases:—"The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious regard of authors, and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity. I accept your liberal enclosure in the spirit in which it is offered, for it comes from a gentleman whose prosperity always pleases me, and whom I respect and regard." For a single novel, the highest price he paid was 400*l.* to Lord Lytton—a very large sum, considering that it was a voluntary offering for the good-will of the Continental rights.

The recent celebration, at Dunmow, of the Flitch of Bacon festival, first revived by Harrison Ainsworth, recalls the fact that that author dedicated his novel on the subject to Baron and Baroness Tauchnitz, with the inscription, "To the happiest couple I know." This had evidently pleased the Baron extremely, and he dwelt upon the fact with very evident satisfaction. He celebrated his golden wedding some eight or nine years ago.

Thinking to please the Baron, I incautiously mentioned the fact that I was in the habit of smuggling his editions into England, not so much on account of their cheapness as on account of their handiness. Instead of pleasing him, however, this evidently disconcerted him. "We do not at all approve of that," he said sternly. "We strongly set our faces against it." "But," I objected, "I imagine it is by no means an uncommon offence." This, however, he would not at all admit. He said that there might possibly be, greatly to his annoyance, an occasional volume introduced, but that special precautions were taken to prevent wholesale importations by booksellers, which, after all, was the point of importance so far as the authors were concerned.

With reference to the Baron's uniform generosity to authors, I may mention a conversation I once had with Lord Stanhope in the train. I happened to be then reading his *History in the Tauchnitz Edition*, and, incidentally learning who he was, in the course of conversation, I remarked that he probably thought very badly of me for reading him in this edition. But he told me that, on the contrary, Baron Tauchnitz had treated him so generously that it gave him as much pleasure to find himself read in that as in any other edition.

#### THACKERAY'S LETTER TO BARON TAUCHNITZ

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Since the death of Baron Tauchnitz, one of Thackeray's witticisms has been started anew on its rounds through the press. A recent number of *The Critic* contains it. The item, as you give it, runs as follows:—"In the course of his correspondence with Thackeray, the late Baron Tauchnitz found occasion to apologize for the quality of his English style. 'Don't be afraid of your English,' wrote the novelist. 'A letter containing *£. s. d.* is always in pretty style.'"

The day before I received *The Critic*, I was looking through a pile of letters in order to select a few, by request, for "the literary table" of a charity fair, which is to occur next winter in New York. While so engaged, I happened on a letter written by Blanche Willis Howard in 1888, apropos of the proof corrections of an article of hers on Baron Tauchnitz. I feel sure Frau von Teuffel will permit me to send you the following extract from that letter:—

"I must confess that I first heard the Thackeray story from Tauchnitz *pers.* and in German. Telling it in English I used my own words. Since I began the article, Tauchnitz sent me the volume with the correspondence on which I have drawn, and the second version, 'pretty style,' is Thackeray's own expression. Still, as I thoroughly agree with you that 'always good English' makes a better point, if you will never betray me, I will be guilty of the awful crime of improving Thackeray's wit! That is, as my first anecdote to you was written in good faith and for the public, I will simply not correct it. Perhaps I didn't notice the Thackeray correspondence in the book! At all events, I have an idea Thackeray would forgive me. 'A letter with money in it is always good English' is the form which provokes the most hearty laughter. I know, because I have tried it in various ways."

Here is what Thackeray actually wrote, as found on page 146 of "*Fünfzig Jahre der Verlagshandlung Bernhard Tauchnitz*":—"Don't be afraid of your English,—a letter containing — *£* is always in a pretty style." You will perceive that it differs slightly from your own version.

PARIS, 16 Sept. 1895.

THEODORE STANTON.

## A Ballade of Pot Boilers

YE WHO in paper covers dwell,  
And mimic life, to do us ease,  
Where were your soft delightful spell,  
If bread and butter grew on trees?

Where were the lover's fervid pleas,  
The black-browed villain's stealthy toil,  
The lovely maiden's witcheries,  
If mortals had no pot to boil?

O bright perennial Beau and Belle  
Whom every moon new-furnished sees,  
Long may your gentle bosom swell,  
Your dulcet tongues at Fortune feast.  
Sweet are the brineless tears we squeeze  
O'er true love's still-renewing coil.  
You'd rail no more at Fate's decrees,  
If mortals had no pot to boil.

Fair, gracious shapes, and phantoms fell,  
That melt our hearts, or marrow freeze,  
Not foul witch-cauldrons you expel,  
But cauldrons honest to the lees,  
We bless life's dull necessities  
For you, who so life's wavelets oil.  
Who would our cravings vain appease,  
If mortals had no pot to boil?

L'Envoi

And yet, O Love, bereft of these,  
Not us of joy would Fate despoil.  
We'd need no paper Arcadies—  
If mortals had no pot to boil!

ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

## Tail or No Tail

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

An interesting review of "The Curse of Intellect," in *The Critic* of 5 Oct., appears to the writer incorrect on a rather important question in natural history, namely, Is an ape a monkey? Does it comport with the dignity of the ape tribe, through its greater resemblance to man, to class it with the monkey tribe? Again; is it not entirely inaccurate to describe a mature ape as having been, in youth, "interrupted in the delicious swish, the thrill and inward vanishing of swinging by the tail," and to say, in another part of the same review, that "his tail got the better of him," when no ape has a tail at any period of life? As well, in the same fashion, speak of a man. When a school-girl, I was taught that "monkeys are animals resembling man, but have long tails; baboons are much like monkeys, but have short tails, and apes are more like humans, having no tails." Not having read "The Curse of Intellect," I do not know whether the author of that work or *The Critic's* reviewer is responsible for thus confusing apes with monkeys; but it would seem that an apology is due, either by the author to the ape, or by *The Critic* to the author.

ELIZA B. BURNZ.

## "The College Woman in Literature"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

If you will permit one of the opposite sex to put in a word touching this subject, I should like to offer a friendly protest against the obvious logic of the article bearing the above title in your issue of 5 Oct. 1895. By saying that so few college-bred women are known as authors and journalists—though why forty such from one institution should be accounted few I cannot quite see,—the writer of that article implies that more ought to be so known. That may be so, or it may not. Those of them who possess "the consciousness of a distinct message to the public" ought to make the message known, and some day they no doubt will. But why make it appear as if it were a question of somebody's asserting one's self? There is quite a tendency towards self-assertion nowadays, but often without the right kind of self. Woman as little as man seems at present to need any prompting, by statistical comparisons or otherwise, to enter the field of authorship. The writing of problem-novels and short stories is apparently not neglected. If college-bred women do not do much work in this line, may not one reason be that they think they can do better? There is a great deal of talk about what woman is doing and ought to do, as though she were on exhibition to show her



equality with man. The question of equality may be an idle one, but the best way to remove the idea of inferiority is to teach people to look upon the intellectual achievements of both sexes in the same light—as the assertion of individuality, not as the glorification of sex. That a college education makes woman critical and somewhat distrustful of self will only make her message, if she has one, the more finished in form and unpretentious in spirit. And if she is uncertain of her message, let her wait; and the world will wait, too, without on that account imputing incapacity to the college woman.

ANDREW ESTREM.

WARTBURG COLLEGE, CLINTON, IA., 7 Oct. 1895.

In your review of the biography of "Lord John Russell" (same issue) you refer to him as having been "at the head of the administration" during the negotiations regarding the Trent and Alabama affairs. He was Secretary of Foreign Affairs from 1859 to 1865, Lord Palmerston being Prime Minister.

I have been much interested in reading the article in *The Critic* of 5 Oct., which tries to account for the absence of college women in literature, especially fiction. The reasons given may be all true, but to me it seems that they do not cover the whole ground. I am not a graduate of any college, but have been a special student in two; and I have noted one peculiarity of the average college girl, which seems to me to have a bearing on this subject. She lacks practical experience of life. It is perfectly natural that she should. A girl who has been always at school from childhood until she is twenty-three or four years old, has hardly begun to live. She is, no matter what her age and attainments, still a school-girl, with the world and its serious problems yet before her. Lacking this experience, she must have also an incomplete knowledge of human nature. She is likely, therefore, to have less interest in persons and in the problems which confront them, than in her studies, and is less likely to begin at once to write fiction, which deals largely with just those things.

May I suggest one more point? It is, that self-consciousness in writing is not due so much to the "careful training of the critical faculty" as to the insufficient training of this faculty. There is a self-conscious stage early in the study of any art; but if that study is pursued far enough, self-consciousness should yield to naturalness—the end of all art.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 9 Oct. 1895. MARY MANN MILLER.

## The New Acting

(London Truth)

HISTORY SEEMS TO repeat itself in the course of thirty-odd years with one noteworthy exception. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed seems still to be king, but no one can say there are any ranting Romeos or much "mob acting" at the Lyceum. We have changed all that, and become as meek as mice. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is as mild as a pretty Sunday-school teacher, graceful and invertebrate. Mr. Forbes Robertson, as Romeo, is as good and estimable a young gentleman as the gallant "County Paris" would have been in the days of George Henry Lewes. The "fiery Tybalt" is a name, no more. The ashes of his furnace are extinguished. He is what the bakers call "slack-baked." Capulet was wont to let the audience have it. Now he is like a harmless mouse squeaking behind the wainscot. The Nurse has been known to make an audience laugh. But in these days of decorum we laugh no more at the Nurse. Her erotic allusions, based on acquired experience, have been carefully toned down. She is as Puritanic as a Bloomsbury landlady. Fiery gentlemen used to "bite their thumbs" at one another in "Romeo and Juliet," and deal to one another "swashing blows." But now the exodus of a Board School on a wet day is wild revelry compared to the row between the Montagues and the Capulets; Mercutio, who was wont to be a bit of a dog, a soldier and swashbuckler, is turned into a mild curate or undertaker's mute. He is so depressed that he cannot describe Queen Mab's visit without resting his weary soldier's limbs on a stone bench. In fact, Mercutio is muddled, and not quite coherent. There may be some charming the eye nowadays, but there is certainly no "stunning the ear."

But all present at the Lyceum considered Mrs. Patrick Campbell to be the best Juliet ever seen. It was a Juliet who might have ridden on a "bike" in Battersea Park, and worn a divided skirt. She was up to date, unideal, and hopelessly modern. A soured and shrewish Juliet is a development of the nineteenth century. Shakespeare would not have known her. They con-

gratulated Forbes Robertson on his tame mediæval and saint-like Romeo. Mr. Coghlan's "reserved force," which may now be politely called unimpressionism, formed the topic for a congratulatory speech. The new Juliet was added to the "whispering gallery" of dramatic art, and "all went very well then." I can, however, safely repeat the criticism of George Henry Lewes, written thirty years ago, of another actress:—"If the new Juliet finds easy admirers, it is because, as the Spaniards say, in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king."

## "Corrected Impressions"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In his "Corrected Impressions," on page 146, Mr. Saintsbury says of Mr. Matthew Arnold:—"Though well read, he was not extremely learned"; while on page 154 he speaks of him as "of great scholarship." Now, I really cannot see how a distinction is to be made between "scholarship" and "learning." Certainly, scholarship is learning, and our dictionary gives us as one of the definitions of scholar, "a learned or erudite person." It seems impossible that a trained critic like Mr. Saintsbury should make such a slip as this in a paper of less than twenty pages, but he certainly does not make his meaning clear, and what he says has the effect of being very contradictory.

He makes a rather violent onslaught upon the authors whom he has impaled upon the point of his pen, and leaves them with hardly a foot to stand upon. And when we are beginning to realize what poor things the victims are (in Mr. Saintsbury's opinion), he immediately turns about and tells us what talent, genius, brilliancy they have "at their best," and straightway we feel like Twemlow, who was continually distraught and in utter bewilderment as to who were the Veneerings' intimate friends.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., 25 Sept. 1895. M. L. B. WELLS.

## London Letter

MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY, "The Benefit of the Doubt," was produced at the Comedy Theatre on Wednesday evening with every symptom of success. As it stands, the piece is too long, it is true. The curtain did not fall till half past eleven, and the enthusiasm at the end of the second act was considerably more boisterous than that which greeted the final "curtain." Still, the fortune of the play was never in doubt. It touches the marriage question, as all Mr. Pinero's recent productions have done; but the real interest lies in the characterisation. Here Mr. Pinero has been immensely helped by his cast. Miss Winifred Emery, happily restored to health and spirit, has never acted so well before; her brisk and natural changes of note, her gaiety and intensity, and, above all, her complete grasp upon an evasive and subtle character, proved her to be an artist of the highest order. Her husband, Mr. Cyril Maude, gave another of his inimitable sketches of aristocratic middle age, and the whole cast was efficient and effective. It is noteworthy that all schools of dramatic criticism have combined in praise of "The Benefit of the Doubt"; and Mr. Comyns Carr is not likely to need a change of bill for many a long month.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, when distributing the prizes at the Public Hall, Canning Town, last night, in connection with the Mansfield House Sunday-school movement, seized the occasion to make a few suggestive remarks upon current literature, and the surer influence of the classics. Mrs. Ward began by saying that much of what she had since achieved in letters was due to the fact that, as a young girl, she was able to feed her imagination in the shady corners of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Having a free hand there, she picked up a deal of desultory information, covering a wide field, and laid the foundation for that love of her books which had become the fabric of her after-life. Especially did she set a value upon the uses of biography. Dr. Jowett, she said, was wont to say that in the future instruction would be conveyed almost entirely through the medium of biography, beginning from the life of Christ and so proceeding through all the records of great examples left, as "footprints on the sands of time," by the heroes of history. Finally, she thought that through books and reading the common wave of hope would be rolled back once more upon humanity, preparing the ground for the foundations of that kingdom of God upon earth, for which poets and philosophers have, after their varied fashions, sighed and dreamed, since Plato wrote "The Republic," and St. Augustine his "City of God." It was an eloquent and impressive address throughout.

We are at last to have the "authoritative" utterance of the family upon the life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. After many postponements, Messrs. Ellis & Elvey announce that the work will be ready on Dec. 2, in two volumes. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the author, has long been at work upon this labor of love, and it is probable that we shall have here the final and full record of the life, and the most detailed and convincing portrait possible of the great poet-painter. The first volume will consist of the Life, and will be embellished by a number of portraits. The second is to contain the Letters. These cover a period of forty years, from 1842 to Rossetti's death, and are addressed to various members of his family. The letter in which he announces his approaching marriage has been reproduced in facsimile. Many of the portraits are from Rossetti's own pencil, and the collection includes a picture of his wife drawn by herself. The whole promises to be a book of high value. Meanwhile Mr. Mackenzie Bell, I understand, has almost finished his monograph upon Christina Rossetti, which is safe to be a valuable and comely pendant to the larger work. It would be pleasant to the book-buyer if the two could come forth as nearly simultaneously as possible.

I am told that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been filling in the weeks prior to his American tour by assiduously finishing "The Quest of the Golden Girl," the romance which he has for some time been meditating. Mr. Le Gallienne has set aside much of his journalism for the purpose, and has been shut up at Brentford in company with his manuscript for several weeks. A critic who is not as a rule noted for excessive admiration has had a glimpse of the story, and believes it by far the best thing its author has yet achieved.

The publication, to-day, of a collected edition of the Poems of Mr. W. B. Yeats will doubtless serve to call additional attention to the work of a man whom many believe to be the most excessively poetical of all the younger writers. The present edition is certainly full of material marked by high imagination and weird fantasy, and, as Mr. Yeats is not yet thirty years of age, it is probable that he is only on the threshold of his repute. He was born in 1866 in Dublin, but is of a Sligo family by descent. His boyhood was spent in Connaught, and it was here that he gathered the faery lore which has since made mystical "The Land of Heart's Desire" and other of his poems. He was sent at first to London to school, but subsequently returned to Dublin. About nine or ten years ago he began contributing critical essays and poems to *The Irish Fireside*, a literary periodical edited by Mr. James Murphy. In 1888 he published his first considerable work, "The Wanderings of Ushaea," and more recently, in 1892 and 1893, "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Celtic Twilight." Mr. Yeats has an impressive personality. Without the least suggestion of any affectation, he has both the appearance and manner of being out of the common, the soft hat and long, flowing cloak which he generally wears giving a somewhat wild look to his long, spare figure. He is a brilliant talker, when his interest is once aroused; but will sit silent for the hour, if the topic be uncongenial to him. He is always full of plans and literary schemes, but is absolutely devoid, if one may say so without offence, of that workmanlike practicality which is, unfortunately, all but essential to the conditions of modern life in London. In a word, he is a poet heart and soul; and it will go hard with his dessert if in the end he does not attain to a poet's reward.

The new editor of *The Windsor Magazine* is to be Mr. David Williamson, who has for some time acted as lieutenant to Mr. Clement K. Shorter on *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Williamson will enter on his duties in December, and will find a lively and going concern to his hand. *The Windsor*, by the bye, has secured the serial rights in Mr. Hall Caine's next long novel—the same that is to be published in America in *Munsey's Magazine*. Mr. Williamson is under thirty, and has written a biographical sketch of Corney Grain.

Talking of magazines, I heard a critic affirm the other day that a strange revolution is coming over the field of authorship, and that very shortly the demand for fiction will actually exceed the supply. There are rumors of two new magazines to be published during the coming winter, and others suggested for the spring. Now, as all these periodicals desire to lead off, for the first six months or so, with what are technically known as "the best names," the pressure put upon notable novelists is just now very considerable, and some of them, one would think, must be writing night and day to keep pace with their engagements. It is only wonderful that we hear so little of overwork. Perhaps, as Mr. Gosse sings,

"The brain's the hardest part of men,"

and takes a deal of work before it tires. Still, the pressure just now is really remarkable.

LONDON, 19 Oct. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## Mr. Jefferson at the Normal College

(*The New York Tribune*, Oct. 26)

AN ADDRESS by Joseph Jefferson was the leading feature of the reunion of the Associate Alumnae of the Normal College yesterday afternoon. There were other exercises at the meeting, which was held in the hall of the College, at Park Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street, including addresses by Mrs. John I. Northrop, the President of the Alumnae, and Thomas Hunter, President of the College, and music by Miss Minnie R. Lounsbury, William J. Falk, Miss Maud Morgan and Augusto J. Granitz; but the real interest of the occasion was centred in what Mr. Jefferson had to say. In beginning his address, Mr. Jefferson said:—

"Your President has remarked that this hall has been altered, and that at the other end a platform has been removed, where a speaker used to be concealed from four to five hundred people. Before I get through you may wish that this change had not been made. It is possible that my voice and manner may remind you of some of the characters that I have played on the stage. I beg you to remember, if they have afforded you entertainment, that I was then surrounded by a company of talented actors and by scenery that helped the effect. Now, mark the difference. I am here unsurrounded by actors or scenery, disguised only as a gentleman, unprovided with the brilliant remarks of Sheridan, or Boucicault, or Washington Irving, and thrown on my own resources."

In distinguishing the functions of oratory and acting, Mr. Jefferson said that the orator was impressive and the actor impressionable—that is, the orator must make a certain effect on his hearers, while the actor must rather show what effect something has on him. In comparing the requirements of comedy and tragedy, he spoke of Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of David Garrick, standing between the two muses. Garrick was asked whether comedy or tragedy was the more difficult. "Whether I am ill or well," he answered, "whether I am in low spirits or high spirits, I always feel equal to playing tragedy; but comedy is a serious matter." Mr. Jefferson illustrated the serious demands of the acting of comedy by the speeches of Dogberry and the grave-diggers' scene, of which he recited nearly the whole. In touching on the subject of genius and art, he said:—

"Genius is a little apt to look with contempt on Art, but I think Genius makes a very great mistake. To have great excellence they should be combined. Genius produces, but Art reproduces. See how important art is to drama in proportion to anything else, for in drama the same thing is always repeated. The painter may paint a new landscape or subject every time, but the actor must say night after night the same words, as if he had never said them before."

After a few words in defence of the starrng system, Mr. Jefferson came to the point of answering questions that had been prepared for him by persons in the audience. It was noticeable that his reading of the questions often caused as much amusement as his answers to them. The first was:—"What is your favorite rôle?" "That depends," he said, "on which I have been acting. If I have been at Rip for a month, I prefer Bob Acres; if I have been acting Acres, I prefer Rip. On the whole, I suppose my real favorite is Rip Van Winkle."

"What led you to take up 'Rip Van Winkle'?" was the next question, and he told how he had long been acting English comedies and how he desired to play a representative American character, and then how, in reading the "Sketch Book," it had occurred to him that this one was just what he wanted. "What difference do you observe in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago audiences?" was the next puzzle. "Being in New York," Mr. Jefferson answered, "of course I say that I like New York audiences best. If I were in any of the other cities, I should say that I liked the audiences of that city best. But really I cannot choose, for I have met with equal kindness in all the cities of the country."

"Do you believe that Hamlet was mad?" "I've seen a great many mad Hamlets," said the actor, "but I should say not; I should say that he assumed madness for a purpose."

The last question was:—"Why are not Shakespeare's plays more popular in New York?" Mr. Jefferson declared in reply that they were more popular now than ever before at any time. He said that it was difficult to act Shakespeare well, but that when well acted and produced his plays would always be popular. Mr. Jefferson closed his discourse with a few words on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.



## The Graves of Shelley and Trelawney

AS THE LITTLE black-eyed girl in a frock as amusing as it is quaint pushes to the gate of the old cemetery and bashfully smiles for a *manzia* for her trouble, one is tempted to wander on to a newer enclosure within which sleeps another poet, the friend of Keats.\* This is Shelley. The approach is deeply graven by the feet of many pilgrims. Here are twin graves—that of Shelley lying at the right, in the photograph here reproduced. At the left of the poet rests Trelawney, the writer of that captivating book, "The Last Days of Byron and Shelley." The old Aurelian wall, spangled with wild-flowers and mottled with shrubbery, leans over the sod, and at the sides the fantastic-leaved



acanthus and black and silent cypress keep guard. Only the trill of a nightingale, or the far-away call of a cuckoo, breaks the stillness. It is now seventy-five years since Shelley's mound was made, and fifteen years since Trelawney was brought to his side. As one counts the crosses and lyres placed here by sympathetic hands, the story of a life strange and romantic repeats itself. Heedless of the anxious warnings of the old curate of San Terenzo, near Spezia, on the Tirrenian coast of Italy, Shelley on a summer's day embarked in a yawl, intent to keep an engagement with Leigh Hunt at Leghorn. The friends never met, for a week later the body of the poet was washed ashore. A black cross on the sands marks the spot where the remains were burned and reduced to dust. Trelawney carried the ashes to Rome and put them for safe-keeping in the pyramid of Caius Cestus. Only the heart was preserved by Byron, and this explains the inscription on his stone, "Cor Cordium." The spell increases as one muses over the mystic meaning of

"Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change,  
Into something rich and strange."

The eye passes then to the companion slab, and reads:—

"These are two friends whose lives were undivided  
So let their memory be now they have glided  
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted  
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted."

A comparison of dates shows that while Shelley came to his end at thirty, Trelawney lived three times as long.

A thought of regret for a moment takes possession of one. Why not on dust so illustrious a splendid shaft, lofty like the genius it records? Why not a sculptured panegyric or apotheosis? But the sacred surroundings shrink at this. Like the grave of Wordsworth at Grasmere, its simplicity is eloquence. This absence of a monument is atoned for by marble tributes to the poet in other places. As is well known, it was only a short time ago that Shelley's Italian admirers erected in the public park of Viareggio, on whose beach the poet's corpse was found, a truly beautiful alabaster bust with an imposing base and pedestal. The visitor in Rome is familiar with the tablets put up by the municipality on buildings to commemorate the writing there of the "Prometheus" and "Cenci." Then the Colosseum and Baths of Caracalla are sought, to guess the niches upon their mossy walls where Shelley is said to have dreamed his masterpieces. Among the studios of Rome one lingers with the distinguished sculptor Ezekiel, to gaze at his ideal face of the poet.

\* See "The Graves of Keats and Severn," in *The Critic* of 26 Oct.

Beyond the borders of Italy, beyond the sea which lured the poet to his death, in Shelley's College at Oxford, a good-natured custodian unlocks the door to a circular mausoleum, where, in the reflection of the sunlight through the skylight, there glows a heroic marble figure of the poet as he was picked up lifeless on a

strange coast—  
his limbs still rounded, the Apollo-like head, the dreamy eyes, the wave-tossed curls and his expression of peace.  
JOHN L. HURST.  
ROME, May 20.

## Music

### Sir Charles Halle

CONTRARY TO GENERAL belief, Sir Charles Halle, who died at Manchester, England, a week ago yesterday, was not an Englishman, but a German. He was born 11 April 1819, at Hagen, where his father was an orchestra conductor. In 1835, after a course of

instruction by his father, the boy became a pupil of one Rink at Darmstadt. He went to Paris in 1836, living there for twelve years. In 1846 he started a series of successful chamber music concerts, which were rudely interrupted by the revolution of 1848. He then went to England, which he had once before visited, and took up his residence in that country. His London début as a pianist was made at one of the Covent Garden concerts, on 12 May 1848, with Beethoven's E-flat concerto; his Manchester orchestral concerts did not begin till 1857. He was a familiar figure at the Monday and Saturday popular concerts, and in 1861 began his notable series of recitals at St. James's Hall, playing all of Beethoven's piano sonatas in eight matinees. Sir Charles Halle was twice married, first in 1841, and in 1888 to Mme. Norman-Néruda, the violinist. In the latter year he was knighted.

## A Line from Frank Leslie's

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Will you permit me to make a brief reply to Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's letter in *The Critic* of Oct. 26, as it casts an unjust reflection on Frank Leslie's Publishing House. She intimates that her story in the first number of *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls* was secured by other than legitimate means because it was not bought directly from her. A few words explaining its appearance in that magazine will show that there is no ground for such an intimation. When the first number of *Pleasant Hours* was being made up, a short story was needed to complete it, and as there was not time to engage a new one and no MSS. were coming in, because the magazine was then unknown, a search of the stock of stories purchased and published by this house in previous years was made, and Mrs. Davis's story was discovered in the files of our *Chimney Corner*. Being appropriate and worthy of reproduction, it was selected to fill the gap. As the story was the property of this house by purchase from a publishing-firm in Boston, no hesitancy was felt in doing this, although I disliked very much the necessity of using an old story—a necessity which will not occur again, as the magazine, now being well known, is overrun with submitted manuscripts, and will in future contain entirely original matter. Had Mrs. Davis known that it is a common practice among leading publishers who issue more than one periodical to reprint in one of them matter that has previously appeared in another, she would not, I feel sure, have written as she did, although she was certainly justified in letting the public know that the story did not represent her latest work.

NEW YORK, 29 Oct. 1895.

FRANK LEE FARNELL  
(Editor *Pleasant Hours*).

## The Fine Arts

### The Portrait Exhibition

BLESSED IS THE exhibition-goer who does not expect to see much that is worth seeing at the Portrait Show, for he will not be disappointed. If he be a real lover of art, he will be pleased to see again, though for the twentieth time, Mr. Sargent's charming portrait of little Miss Goelet, a few good examples of Reynolds, Romney and Gainsborough, and an undoubted Van Dyck. If he cares about the handiwork of M. Carolus-Duran, he may for once enjoy it without being made to feel that the artist cared only for his sitter's clothes and her dollars; for the portrait of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt is something more than merely clever. The pose is graceful and lifelike, and there is no display of rich stuffs or specious brush-work. Then there are the obligatory portraits of the Father of his Country, and a few other good or interesting paintings dotted about in such a collection of daubs as has seldom disgraced the walls of the National Academy of Design. Why is it that a good show of portraits cannot be made? A sufficiently large number of New Yorkers have had their features transferred to canvas to furnish an exhibition that would, at least, have the merit of being local. One may be pardoned for preserving and even exhibiting a bad portrait of one's great-grandfather, but why own and display a wretched caricature of some other person's ancestor? And, above all, why should it be supposed that every spoiled canvas that looks old and English must be a Reynolds, or, at the very least, a Lawrence? The latter was frequently guilty of bad work, and the great Sir Joshua was not always great; but it is simply incredible that either could have painted some of the things ascribed to them in the present exhibition.

But, though the good things are few, he who is judiciously blind to the bad may yet spend a pleasant half-hour in the galleries. Mr. Zorn's broad and vigorous handling, and his mastery of sunlight, are evident in the fine portrait of Mr. Wheeler, reading. Mr. J. J. Shannon's pretty girl in profile against a blue and grey tapestry is, apart from the beauty of the model, interesting from the technical difficulty overcome in bringing forward the figure from the somewhat trying background. Mr. Sargent, besides his, by this time, well-known "Beatrice," has a clever sketch of a child among white cushions and blue curtains, and some other portraits, good, but hardly worthy of him. Mr. Carroll Beckwith's masterly portrait of J. M. Mitchell in fencer's costume is one of those which bear being seen many times. Mr. Chase is well represented, though his touch seems to us less than ordinarily sure in his picture of a little girl standing by a mass of red chair and red drapery. Another portrait, of a child in a gipsy hat, white dress and red ribbon, is a more effective bit of color, and his tall young lady in black, looking over her shoulder at the spectator, is still as oddly attractive as ever. The mosaic-like regularity of the touches with which the background of Mr. J. Alden Weir's group of two ladies standing, the one in pale blue, and the other in white, is built up will probably strike most people disagreeably, but it should not blind them to the charm of the flesh painting and the clearness of the general tone. It is worthy of remark that this is the only example of so-called Impressionism in the exhibition. Mr. J. W. Alexander is almost as much alone in painting his sitters in a sort of dim grey twilight. The Veronese-green dress of the lady in his principal subject has forced the painter to "see" green in the grey background and pretty nearly everything in the picture, and, if it were not for the graceful lines of the figure and the smartness with which they are drawn, it would still produce a harsh impression. He has the support, in so far as he prefers semi-obscurity to full light, of Mr. George de Forest Brush, who shows an interesting portrait of a gentleman seated, but in this case the shades are brown; and that of Mr. Robert Gordon Hardie, who judiciously tones down his greenish mist with grey.

In the corridor will be found portraits of Mr. Depew and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, a clever full-length portrait of a lady in black by Marietta Cotton, pastels by Mr. Chase and Miss Mary Cassatt, and a clever half-length portrait of a boy, in water-colors, by Miss Lydia Field Emmett. It is hardly necessary to speak of the showy and technically interesting things by MM. Bonnat, Carolus-Duran and other fashionable French artists, who usually meet their patrons on a strictly business basis and know how to graduate the amount of talent they put into their pictures according to the number of dollars paid for them. But M. Bonnat, it is pleasant to see, still finds the human hand a worthy object of study, though apparently not the human face; and the Paris modistes, if no one else, should be satisfied with M. Carolus-Duran.

His silks and satins and velvets and furs were very near the real things, and probably cost quite as high. When we mention Mr. Tarbell's standing figure, which was seen at the Chicago Fair, Madrazo's portrait of Mr. Avery, Chartran's "Leo XIII.," Henner's little girl in black, fur-trimmed dress, and H. O. Walker's "Mother and Child," we have left few enjoyable pictures unnoticed.

### Mr. Gibson's Drawings at Keppel's

A SERIES of exhibitions of the works of American artists in black-and-white is very well begun at Keppel's gallery with a display of original drawings by Mr. C. D. Gibson. As an illus-



trator Mr. Gibson is very well known, as an artist hardly at all, for his drawings, though they make successful process cuts, yet lose a great deal in reduction. However broadly drawn, an original one fourth the size of life cannot be brought down to the width of a newspaper column without loss. Those who desire to see the artist at his best, therefore, should not fail to visit this exhibition. The humor of such a picture as that called "Canoeing," in which a despairing young gentleman, caught with his lady-love in a storm, has set adrift his straw hat and paddle preparatory, it would seem, to drowning himself, while the young lady puts on an expression of saintly resignation; the rendering of character and expression in "Reading the Will"; the rich and striking color effects obtained by the artist with very simple means, are to be enjoyed in the original drawings or not at all. Even when the humor is of a broader cast and character becomes caricature, as in "Going in to Dinner with the Duke of Sloppy Weather," the artist's peculiar handling of pen and brush gives distinction to the subject. This exhibition is to be followed by one of Mr. Frost's drawings for the new edition of "Uncle Remus," which has just been published.

### Art Note

SOME TWENTY-FIVE paintings by Mr. John W. Alexander are to be exhibited toward the close of this month at the Carnegie Art Gallery in Pittsburg. The opening will be signalized by a reception to the artist himself. The paintings will probably go from Pittsburg to Chicago. Mr. Alexander has made a distinguished position for himself in Paris, during the past few years, and Chicago, Pittsburg and Philadelphia have shown themselves alive to the fact. New York should now have an opportunity of seeing what he has accomplished since he left this city.



## The Lounger

WHEN MISS HARRADEN was in town, a few weeks since, I spoke to her of Miss Doughty's article in *The Critic* of Oct. 5, in which an attempt was made to discover why, with her pronounced literary tastes, the college woman has been so inconspicuous a figure in the creative literary movement of the past twenty years. She thought the fact significant of nothing, and accounted for it by saying that it meant only that the women who had been educated at college had not happened to possess a special talent for creative literary work. That such an education as these comparatively voiceless women have received does not preclude success in such literary work, nothing could better disprove than Miss Harraden's own experience. She herself was college-bred with a vengeance, having spent about eight years of her life in hard study, culminating under the auspices of the University of London. She thinks that the study of mathematics, even, was a good thing for her, as a writer. Mrs. Humphry Ward, also, though not actually college-trained, was virtually so, her residence at Oxford and her home surroundings giving her of what was best in university life. (See "The College Woman in Literature," on page 282.)

\* \* \*

MRS. MARGARET GRAHAM, who has revealed such rare literary qualities in her recent "Stories of the Foothills," lacked the advantages that Miss Harraden and Mrs. Ward enjoyed in their youth. Her faculties were trained by close contact with nature and the life of the business world. Miss Harraden, who had visited her, not long ago, told me that, fine as the "Stories" are the personality behind them is still more brilliant. To see the author presiding at the sessions of a women's club is an education in tact, wit and all good womanly traits. Mrs. Graham, by the way, made her first visit to the eastern States early in 1894, spending a week at 26 Delancey Street, as a guest of Mr. Reynolds, Head Worker of the University Settlement Society. The life of the East Side—so new and strange to her—was a constant study during her brief stay at the Settlement.

\* \* \*

I DON'T KNOW whether the person who made up the publishers' announcements in the advertising department of *Harper's Monthly* for November did so with intention or not, but in the paragraph devoted to the story of "Joan of Arc," now running in that magazine, appears a portrait of Mark Twain, who is supposed by most people to be the author of that romance. To be sure, the portrait is probably intended for the paragraph below, in which a novelette by Mr. Clemens is announced; but it is rather amusing that it should appear in the paragraph above.

\* \* \*

APROPOS OF THE QUESTION, "Do illustrations illustrate?" I may say that the illustrations in Mr. Townsend's "Daughter of the Tenements" ought to illustrate, for they were made by Mr. Kemble from actual life studies.

\* \* \*

FRANCIS WILSON appears in a new role in the columns of the *New Rochelle Paragraph*. It seems that the Board of Trustees, or Street Commissioners, or whoever it is that is responsible for such things in a village, has been cutting down the old elms on Huguenot Street, for the purpose of widening that thoroughfare. Mr. Wilson, who is a citizen of New Rochelle, writes to the paper to protest against this work of vandalism, and makes a sensible appeal for the preservation of the trees, adding in a final paragraph:—"If the protest be useless and if our village board be not touched by the hope—expressed by one of the elderly ladies residing in the despoiled district—that she might pass away before the trees in front of her house be leveled, then let us get the superintendent of our schools to go to our Solons with an elementary book on arboriculture in one hand and, with the other, lead them gently, but oh! so firmly, out of the darkness into which they have stumbled."

\* \* \*

WHEN ONE THINKS of the years it takes for a tree to grow to any size, he wonders at the temerity of man that he can deliberately cut it down. I have seen trees that I would give many dollars to have on my small estate ruthlessly destroyed for the purpose of widening streets that were already wide enough. Country streets, too, that do not have to be laid out with such regard to straight lines as those of the town. In this connection, I am interested in a paragraph that I found in the current number

of *The American Architect and Building News*, in which the attention of those Americans who are interested in the material welfare of their country is called to the work Mr. George W. Vanderbilt is doing on his North Carolina estate. He is making there a sort of model forest, "where scientific forestry is to be practised and experiments made in acclimating valuable foreign trees, and in the most profitable management of the native species; but every one doesn't know that his plan includes horticulture and agriculture, as well as forestry, and that he wishes, and hopes, to make his experiments valuable to American farmers and land-owners everywhere." With this in view, says our informant, Mr. Vanderbilt proposes "to build on his property a little village, including not only a hotel, but houses and stores, where people interested in agriculture, who come properly introduced, may rent rooms or houses for themselves and families for such time as they may desire to study the work going on upon the estate." This work, I may add, is in the hands of Mr. Gifford Pinchot of this city, one of the two or three Americans who have made forestry a profession.

\* \* \*

IT HAS BEEN SAID, from time to time, that "Trilby" was not very much of a success in England; but I see by the latest English papers that Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. have sold 75,000 copies of the book, which seems to me a pretty good deal of a success. Of course, compared with the American sales it is small, but there are not many authors who can boast of such a sale for one of their books—or for a collection of them. It is a little curious that the two serials running one after the other in *Harper's* should have been expurgated for magazine purposes; the very fact that there were certain pages in "Trilby" when it was published in book-form that were not in the serial, induced people to buy the book, though they had read the story in the magazine. The same thing is going to happen with Mr. Hardy's "Hearts Insurgent," which, as has already been announced, will be published under another title, "Jude the Obscure." Apropos of the changes in Mr. Hardy's story, I find the following paragraph in the current number of *The Athenaeum*:—

"Complaint has been made by readers of Mr. Hardy's novel in *Harper's Magazine* of the miraculous and perplexing appearance of a child on the scene in the current chapters of the story. We are informed that this was due to an oversight of the author's in modifying the manuscript for the American public, whereby he omitted to substitute some other reason for the child's advent after deleting the authentic reason—its illegitimate birth."

\* \* \*

THE STORY OF "Wilmot's Child," announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., was published in England as by "Atey Nynce, Student and Bachelor"; it now turns out that the story is by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker. Dr. Parker has written fiction before, but never successfully, and he probably wanted to see how the story would take, if not known to be from his pen. I don't know whether Dr. Parker has acknowledged the authorship of the book, but Dr. Robertson Nicoll has no doubt that it is his, and, although a clergyman, and the editor of more than one religious paper, Dr. Nicoll is willing to bet five pounds, or, in other words, is "prepared to pay" five pounds if he is not right in his surmise.

\* \* \*

IT MAY BE remembered that Miss Marie Corelli was not pleased by the way in which the reviewers spoke of her story "Barabbas," and that she wrote some fierce letters to the English papers denouncing them. The way in which her story was received by the public ought to have appeased Miss Corelli, but it did not. Now she has a new book coming from the press with the startling title of "The Sorrows of Satan," and she has given positive orders that not a single copy shall be sent to a reviewer in England. She has not fettered her American publishers, the Messrs. Lippincott, in the same way, for the reason, I suppose, that she does not care what is said of her over here. But I should think that in England, with the backing of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, Miss Corelli could afford to snap her fingers in the face of the reviewers. She certainly can afford it in a commercial sense. By the way, I am told by one who has read the advance-sheets that in "The Sorrows of Satan" Miss Corelli "attacks everything and everybody." Just how the title of the book applies, I don't quite see. She is taking a sweet revenge for her own sorrows or annoyances, as I understand it; so I am wondering where Satan comes in.



Mr. Rudyard Kipling's New Romance  
"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR"

will be published in

The Ladies' Home Journal

Beginning in its next (December) issue

ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR

For Sale at Every News-stand for Ten Cents

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## The November Magazines

### "The Atlantic Monthly"

IN "A LITERARY POLITICIAN," Mr. Woodrow Wilson gives a swift sketch and suggestive study of Walter Bagehot. "Those," he says, "who know Bagehot only as the writer of some of the most delightful and suggestive literary criticisms in the language wonder that he should have been an authority on practical politics; those who used to regard *The London Economist* as omniscient, and who knew him only as the editor of it, marvel that he dabbled in literary criticism, and incline to ask themselves, when they learn of his vagaries in that direction, whether he can have been so safe a guide as they deemed him, after all; those who know him through his political writings alone venture upon the perusal of his miscellaneous writings with not a little surprise and misgiving that their master should wander so far afield. And yet the whole Bagehot is the only Bagehot. Each part of the man is incomplete, not only, but a trifle incomprehensible, also, without the other parts. What delights us most in his literary essays is their broad practical sagacity, so uniquely married as it is with pure taste and the style of a rapid artist in words. What makes his financial and political writings whole and sound is the scope of his mind outside finance and politics, the validity of his observation all around the circle of thought and affairs. There is constant balance, there is just perspective everywhere. He was the better critic for being a competent man of business and a trusted financial authority. He was the more sure-footed in his political judgments because of his play of mind in other and supplementary spheres of human activity."

### "Scribner's Magazine"

JUDGE GRANT ends his series of papers on "The Art of Living" with an essay on "The Conduct of Life," and the essay with the following words:—"The best Americanism of to-day and for the future is that which shall seek to use the fruits of the earth and the fulness thereof, and to develop all the manifestations of art and gentle living in the interest of humanity as a whole. But even heartless elegance is preferable to that self-righteous commonness of spirit which sits at home in its shirt-sleeves and is graceless, ascetic and unimaginative in the name of God." The papers are about to be published in book-form, and will be reviewed later on in these pages as a whole.—Mr. Andrew Lang's poem for the meeting of the Omar Khayyám Club, "To Omar's Friends at Burford Bridge," where Stevenson once stayed, is as follows:—

"Not mid the London dust and glare,  
The wheels that rattle, the lamps that flare,  
But down in the deep green Surrey dingle,  
You drink to Omar in fragrant air.

He who sleeps on the Vaca crest  
Came to your tavern for work or rest,  
There he lingered, and there, he told us,  
Was by the Shade of a Sound possessed!

Men in the darkling inn that meet,  
Heard the sound of a horse's feet,  
Hooves that scatter the flying pebbles,  
And a warning whip on the casement beat.

Boot and saddle! was then the cry,  
Mount and ride, for the foe is nigh!  
Over the water, or high in the heather,  
Thither the friends of the king must fly.

Such was the sound that Louis heard,  
Out of the silence a single word,  
Out of the dust of the withered ages,  
Something that wakened, and beat, and stirred!

Here, he said, was a tale to tell  
Of Burford Bridge in the lonely dell,  
A tale of the friends of the leal White Roses,  
But he told it not, who had told it well.

Drink to him then, e'er the night be sped!  
Drink to his name while the wine is red!  
To Tearlach drink, and Tusitala,  
The King that is gone, and the friend that's dead!

Out of the silence if men may hear,  
Into the silence faint and clear,  
The voice may pierce of loving kindness,  
And leal remembrance may yet be dear."

### "The Century Magazine"

WITH THIS NUMBER *The Century* begins its fifty-first volume. Well-printed as the magazine always has been, the new type wherewith it enters upon its twenty-sixth year is far handsomer than the old, and more easily readable. Among the contents of the number we note an article on "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writing," by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, who gives an excellent study of his style, and thus records her personal impression of him:—"I find myself repeating the one word 'eager.' There is none which better befits Stevenson's appearance and manner and talk. His mind seemed to quiver with perpetual hope of something that would give it a new idea to feed upon, a new fact to file away, a new experience to be tested and savored. I could read this attitude even in the quick cordiality of his greeting. The welcome was not for me, as myself, but for the new person—for the new human being, who, possessing ears and a tongue, might possibly contribute some item to the harvest of the day. Despite his mastery of the arts of language, I do not believe that Stevenson ever excelled in the artifice of small talk; he must always have had too many real words to say, and have felt too sure the other folk would like to hear them. This, indeed, was one great secret of his charm; he assumed that you too were alertly alive; he believed that you would understand and share

VOL. LI, No. 1. NOVEMBER, 1895. PRICE, 35 CENTS.

## THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



MACMILLAN AND CO., BEDFORD ST., LONDON.  
THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

his interest in all interesting things. Therefore one interview was enough to prove him what his friends assert and his books declare him to have been—a philosopher very wise in that most precious kind of lore which gives the soul modesty and poise, cheerfulness, humor, and courage; a student of human nature, not with classifications and categories to fill out, but with a special welcoming niche prepared for the reception of each new human soul; a 'detached intelligence,' but a heart, intimately attached to every palpitant fiber in the web of existence, which loved to love, and chose for its hatred only fundamentally hateful and harmful things like hypocrisy, vanity, intolerance, and cowardice in the face of life. He seemed so individual, not because he was more eccentric than others, but because he was more genuine and more broad, more self-expressive, and possessed of a wider and richer self to be explained."—Mr. J. Ranken Towse, the well-known dramatic critic, has an article on Eleonora Duse, whom he considers the greatest actress of her day, "and among men Salvini alone takes rank beside her or above her." He thus compares the three great dramatic artists of our time:—"Bernhardt, after carrying off all the laurels offered in the artificial and declamatory school of French tragedy, has devoted her maturest powers to the illustration of the most violent passions conceivable by morbid imagination. Her achievements in this direction have been extraordinary, and her dramatic genius cannot be disputed; but some of her latest triumphs have been won in defiance of most of the laws of nature and many of the rules of true art. Modjeska, if less potent in the interpretation of the fiercest emotions than her French rival, need fear no comparison with her in poetic tragedy; while in the field of poetic comedy she is unrivalled. Her performances of Juliet, Rosalind and Ophelia are almost ideally beautiful. Eleo-

nora Duse, whose fame has blazed up with meteoric suddenness, is preëminent above all actresses of her time for versatility, that rare gift of impersonation, still rarer among women than among men, which can conceal the real beneath the assumed identity without resorting to the common expedients of theatrical disguise. The phrase that such or such a part was assumed by this or that actor is heard every day. It is a convenient, conventional and meaningless expression. In the case of Duse it is used correctly and signifies just what has happened."—The first instalment of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Sir George Tressady," is published in this number. The scene is laid at an English country house at the close of an election. Among the illustrations of the number are portraits of Stevenson, Eleonora Duse and Mrs. Ward.

#### "The Forum"

THIS IS AN uncommonly interesting number. Mr. Edward W. Bok of *The Ladies' Home Journal* contributes a paper on "The Modern Literary King," which is the Almighty Dollar. Mr. Bok presents one side of a question that is many-sided indeed. He certainly gives voice to what many publishers and editors have been saying for some years back, and has in all probability started a far-reaching discussion. Besides a paper on Keats, by Montgomery Schuyler, there is an essay on "The Chief Influences on My Career," by Anatole France, which is very well translated, indeed. He thus describes his Bible:—

"At evening, at the family table, under the lamp which burned with infinite mildness, I turned over my old Bible with the ancient prints, which my mother had given me, and which I devoured with my eyes before ever I was able to read. It was an excellent old Bible, dating from the commencement of the seventeenth century; the engravings were by a Dutch artist, who had represented the terrestrial paradise in the guise of a landscape in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. The hills were covered with oaks grown awry in the wind from the sea. The meadows, admirably drained, were intercepted by rows of mouldy willows. An apple-tree with mossy boughs represented the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The animals in view were domesticated, and presented the idea of a farm with a well-regulated poultry-yard. There were the oxen, the sheep, the rabbits, and a fine horse of Brabant, clipped and groomed, waiting to be harnessed to the carriage of the burgo-master. All this enraptured me. I do not speak of Eve, who was portrayed as a Flemish beauty; but here were the lost treasures. I was still more interested in Noah's ark. I can yet see the spacious and circular hull surmounted by a cabin made of planks. O, marvel of tradition! Among my toys was a Noah's ark of an exact similitude, painted red, with all the animals in pairs, and Noah and his children standing round them. It was a great proof to me of the truth of the Scriptures. 'Teste David cum Sibylla.' At the period of the tower of Babel the personages in my Bible were sumptuously clothed according to their condition: the warriors in the pattern of the Romans of Trajan's Column; princes with turbans; the women looking like those of Rubens; the shepherds in the fashion of brigands; and the angels modelled after those of the Jesuits. The tents of the soldiers resembled the rich pavilions seen in tapestries; the palaces were in imitation of the Renaissance. There were the nymphs of Jean Goujon in the fountain in which Bathsheba bathed. That is the reason these pictures gave me the impression of a profound antiquity. I doubted whether even my grandfather, severely as he had been wounded at Waterloo—in remembrance of which he always wore a bouquet of violets in his button-hole—could have known the tower of Babel and the baths of Bathsheba."

#### "McClure's Magazine"

OF MOST INTEREST in this number, besides the first instalment of a life of Lincoln, by Ida M. Tarbell, is a selection of Stevenson's Vallima Letters to Mr. Sidney Colvin, from the volume to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball. In May 1893, Stevenson thus wrote of "The Ebb Tide":—"We call it 'The Ebb Tide: a Trio and Quartette'; but that secondary name you may strike out if it seems dull to you. The book, however, falls in two halves, when the fourth character appears. I am on page eighty-two, if you want to know, and expect to finish on I suppose one hundred and ten or so; but it goes slowly, as you may judge from the fact that this three weeks past, I have only struggled from page fifty-eight to page eighty-two: twenty-four pages, *à encore* sure to be rewritten, in twenty-one days. This is no prize-taker; not much Waverley Novels about this! \* \* \* I can't think what to say about the tale, but it seems to me to go off with a considerable

bang; in fact, to be an extraordinary work: but whether popular! Attwater is a no end of a courageous attempt, I think you will admit; how far successful is another affair. If my island ain't a thing of beauty, I'll be damned. Please observe Wiseman and Wishart; for incidental grimness, they strike me as in it. Also, kindly observe the Captain and *Adar*; I think that knocks spots. In short, as you see, I'm a trifle vainglorious. But O, it has been such a grind! The devil himself would allow a man to brag a little after such a crucifixion! And indeed I'm only bragging for a change before I return to the darned thing lying waiting for me on page eighty-eight where I last broke down. I break down at every paragraph, I may observe; and lie here and sweat, till I can get one sentence wrung out after another. \* \* \* Well, it's done. Those tragic sixteen pages are at last finished, and I have put away thirty-two pages of chips, and have spent thirteen days about as nearly in hell as a man could expect to live through. It's done, and of course it ain't worth while, and who cares? There it is, and about as grim a tale as was ever written, and as grimy, and as hateful. \* \* \* I wonder exceedingly if I have done anything at all good; and who can tell me? and why should I wish to know? In so little a while, I, and the English language, and the bones of my descendants, will have ceased to be a memory! And yet—and yet—one would like to leave an image for a few years upon men's minds—for fun. This is a very dark frame of mind, consequent on overwork and the conclusion of the excruciating 'Ebb Tide.'"

#### "Harper's Monthly"

IN HIS "Literary Boston Thirty Years Ago," Mr. Howells, who early in 1866 became connected with *The Atlantic Monthly*, thus describes the influence of New England in American literature:—



"The editors of *The Atlantic* had been eager from the beginning to discover any outlying literature; but, as I have said, there was in those days very little good writing done beyond the borders of New England. If the case is now different, and the best-known among living American writers are no longer New-Englanders, still I do not think the South and West have yet trimmed the balance; and though perhaps the new writers now more commonly appear in those quarters, I should not be so very sure that they are not still characterized by New England ideals and examples. On the other hand, I am very sure that in my early day we were characterized by them, and wished to be so; we even felt that we failed in so far as we expressed something native quite in our own way. The literary theories we accepted were New England theories, the criticism we valued was New England criticism, or, more strictly speaking, Boston theories, Boston criticism. \* \* \* Yet Boston stood for the whole Massachusetts group, and Massachusetts, in the literary impulse, meant New England. I suppose we must all allow, whether we like to do so or not, that the im-



pulse seems now to have pretty well spent itself. Certainly the city of Boston has distinctly waned in literature, though it has waxed in wealth and population. I do not think there are in Boston to-day even so many talents with a literary coloring in law, science, theology and journalism as there were formerly; though I have no belief that the Boston talents are fewer or feebler than before. I arrived in Boston, however, when all talents had more or less a literary coloring, and when the greatest talents were literary. These expressed with ripened fulness a civilization conceived in faith and brought forth in good works; but that moment of maturity was the beginning of a decadence which could only show itself much later. New England has ceased to be a nation in itself, and it will perhaps never again have anything like a national literature; but that was something like a national literature; and it will probably be centuries yet before the life of the whole country, the American life as distinguished from the New England life, shall have anything so like a national literature. It will be long before our larger life interprets itself in such imagination as Hawthorne's, such wisdom as Emerson's, such poetry as Longfellow's, such prophecy as Whittier's, such wit and grace as Holmes's, such humor and humanity as Lowell's."—Mr. Hardy's much-discussed "Hearts Insurgent" is concluded in this number; Julian Ralph gives us a glimpse of European life in the far Orient, some years ago, in the story of "Plumblossom Beebe's Adventures"; and Mr. Warner continues to deal with things English in the Study. Mr. Hardy will be succeeded by Mr. William Black in the pages of the magazine; Mr. du Maurier's new story will be begun during the coming year.

#### "Appleton's Popular Science Monthly"

WITH THE FIRST NUMBER of its forty-eighth volume, this valuable factor in popular education adopts the name of its publishers as part of its title. Among the contents of the number we point out without comment the concluding article on "Recent Recrudescence of Superstition" and a new instalment of Dr. James Scully's "Studies of Childhood"; and quote the following from an article on "Recent Tendencies in the Education of Women," by Mary R. Smith of Leland Stanford Junior University:—"Two-thirds of all women graduates marry; the one-third who do not are an infinitesimal part of the thirty million five hundred thousand women in the whole United States. The one-third in our day have, on the whole, as good a chance to obtain a suitable training as men in the same lines. They specialize and find growth and contentment in the sense of power and usefulness. It is not their destiny which should concern us, but rather the destiny of the other two-thirds who do marry. The question arises, Does their college training bear so definite and satisfactory a relation to their after-lives? I fear not. It is constantly impressed upon a boy during these four years that he must find out what he is good for; he must either be fit or ready to be fitted to do something which will have a definite market value. But the destiny of the girl who goes to college is carefully concealed from her. During these four years, who says to her: If you marry, you will need biology, the sciences of life and reproduction; hygiene, the wisdom to attain and preserve health; sociology, the laws which govern individuals in society; chemistry, physics, economics, all the sciences which may help to solve the problems which the housewife must meet; literature and language, the vehicles of poetry and inspiration? No one has the courage to suggest any of these as suitable—nay, absolutely essential—to the successful fulfilment of her probable vocation in life. Young women are turned blindly adrift among a mass of subjects, with no guide but a perverted instinct, and with many a hindrance in the shape of tradition and ridicule. In all ages men have united in adoration of the dignity of domesticity and the sacredness of motherhood, yet any loving, foolish, untrained, inefficient creature has been held good enough to be a wife and mother. We do not expect a man to become a distinguished engineer or a professor of Latin by studying a little literature, history, music and language; yet we expect a woman to undertake an occupation for which, in this age at least, a certain definite kind of training is necessary, without anything more applicable than 'general culture.'"

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

"IN SIGHT OF THE GODDESS," by Harriet Riddle Davis, the complete novel of this month, deals with Washington life. The characters are few—a rich member of the Cabinet, his private secretary, who serves also as social bear-leader for his ambitious wife, his daughter and son, and, of course, attachés of the lega-

tions. Is it possible to write a story of Washington without introducing at least one attaché? The author has used the strangely simple device of telling her story twice: first the hero writes things down, and then the heroine follows in the next chapter with a repetition of the same events from her own point of view. In this way the end is reached.—William Cranston Lawton devotes some pages to "Our Fullest Throat of Song," apropos of Lowell's correspondence. He closes his paper with the following



words:—"Lowell's best poetic utterance is generally felt to mark our highest achievement in verse hitherto; but his poems are uneven, in the artistic sense, often unfinished. Some of them, indeed, were prematurely printed, before the vein of thought had worked itself out. Longfellow has produced a far greater mass of faultless verses, though they are all in less lofty keys than 'The Cathedral' and the 'Memorial Odes.' It is not incredible, then, that the call of patriotism has indeed deprived us of our rarest poet's unuttered master-song. Certainly of Lowell the writer, far more than of any contemporary, it is constantly said, and said by those who knew him best, The man was far greater than all the memorials he has left of himself. They do not adequately reveal his genius. If there was indeed such a sacrifice of his highest literary attainment, the more precious and memorable for us all should be the costly lesson of his life."

#### Magazine Notes

A POEM by the late Prof. Boyesen appears in the November *Bachelor of Arts*, which contains, also, a paper on "Women's Colleges," by Anna McClure Sholl.

In the October *Monist*, Mr. Theodore Stanton reviews M. Louis de Chasseloup-Laubat's report on the congresses held at the Chicago Exposition. The French critic complains of the "exaggerated importance given to women" at the different congresses, and thinks it very doubtful that the Woman's Congress will "do much for reforming legislation in a direction favorable to women." He denounces bitterly the Temperance Congress, but, says Mr. Stanton, the real reason of this bitterness crops out in several places of his report, as where he says:—"I felt it to be my duty to combat with the greatest energy a proposal whose realization would entail each year a loss of millions of francs to the wine growers and sellers of champagne, Bordeaux and Saintonge!" "Among 'the precursors and chiefs of the temperance movement' in the United States," says Mr. Stanton, "he places, along with Father Matthew and John B. Gough, whom he imagines to be still among the living, Lincoln!"

## Mr. Hall Caine on Canadian Copyright

IN THE COURSE OF a speech delivered at a dinner given to him by the publishers and booksellers of Toronto, at the National Club of that city, Mr. Hall Caine said:—

"While I have been in Canada I have learned a good deal. I have met some of your publishers in person, I no longer believe that their first and only purpose is any form of shameful confiscation, any invasion of the market of the United States, and, however much I may think they are pursuing a mistaken and dangerous policy, I am entirely willing to believe that they wish to remain upright, honest and high-principled men. Since I came to Canada, I have seen some things which, while they do not excuse your Act of 1889 to an author, go far to explain its existence. On your book-stalls, for instance, I have found three different copyright editions of 'Trilby,' the English copyright edition, the Colonial copyright edition, and the Canadian copyright edition. The anomaly and absurdity of the position of this book need no comment, and neither does that of my own copyright book, 'The Manxman,' which comes to Canada from England on payment of its six cents duty and from the United States subject (until lately), to the author's royalty of 12 1-2 per cent., thus paying me (nominally if not really) twice over for the same piece of work. Since I came to Canada, I have seen the necessity for the reform or the rescinding of acts (like the Foreign Reprints Acts) made to meet a condition that is gone—the condition of general piracy in the United States down to 1891. And though I do not think the anomalies of your present copyright arrangements call for legislation of so radical a nature as you propose, I recognize the fact that your geographical position in relation to the United States, the absence there of an agreement with the Berne Convention, and the presence there of a manufacturing clause in favor of American printers, gives you a certain justification which no other English colony (such as Australia) could possibly have for a measure of self-control and for a limited right to make the books intended for your own market. I say this guardedly and after reflection, and always with the reservation that all manufacturing clauses are objectionable to authors and a limitation of the principle of copyright, only to be allowed under peculiar and trying conditions. But as long as the United States keep out of the Berne Convention, and as long as they insist on manufacturing their own books, just so long, but not one hour longer, I would (speaking for myself alone) be willing to grant to Canada (divided as she is from the States only by an imaginary border which is easily passed) the right to make her own books under some measure of authors' control. Given this authors' control, I do not think your Canadian copyright should be any cause of offence to America or disturb the understanding on which the President made his proclamation. And I do not think it ought to be in opposition to the spirit of the Berne Convention, whose second article seems to provide for just such cases as your own. But everything depends on the measure of control which you leave to the author, and I must tell you at once that unlimited licensing under the direction of your Government would be entirely inconsistent with the idea of authors' rights entertained by the signatories to the Berne Convention. Some form of licensing I should personally advocate for Canada under the peculiar difficulties of her present relation to the United States with its right to manufacture, but it must be single licensing, and it must take cognizance of authors' control, and that will not only be best for us, but also best for you—best for you as authors, best for you as readers, and as printers and as publishers. It is not for me now to say more precisely what system of licensing under the author's control I should urge my brother authors to accept. I have formulated a scheme which, as you know, I am submitting to your Government, and shall propose to my fellow authors without prejudice. I believe they will consider it fully and fairly, and I have every confidence that your Government will use as much of it as seems sound and wise. Gentlemen, only one word more. Whatever law you make in Canada, I personally mean to obey it, and the best of the authors in England, as far as they are able, will obey it also. Though it bear heavily on us we will submit. But I beg of you not to put us to too hard a test. Do not let us feel that foreign countries—France and Germany—can be more fair to us than our own colony."

AN INTERESTING collection of weapons, ornaments, etc., gathered in Africa by the young explorer E. J. Glave, is exhibited at the office of The Century Co., in whose service Mr. Glave met his death in the Dark Continent, last May.

## The Drama

### "The Shop Girl"

THIS MUSICAL FARCE, produced in Palmer's Theatre on Monday evening, is but a variation of the old-fashioned English burlesque familiar here through many decades. The motive and the personages, to be sure, are modern, but they are only excuses for the introduction of the old devices. Mr. H. J. Dam, the librettist, has imitated Byron and Burnand, rather than Gilbert; and Mr. Ivan Caryll, the composer, has written a number of choruses and songs which have a certain amount of tunefulness and spirit, but scarcely any musical value. There is comic quality in the piece, but it is cheap and common, and not altogether free from vulgarity. The company is a good one of its kind. Messrs. Rawlins, Hicks, Grossmith, Honey and Wright are all young players of promise, and a Miss Connie Ediss plays a hoydenish part with considerable humor. Everybody in the cast seems to be able to dance well, but none of them can sing. The rapidity and liveliness of the representation must have the credit for whatever success "The Shop Girl" may achieve.

## Educational Notes

A FIRE BROKE OUT in the Public Hall of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, on Oct. 27, and destroyed that building, the covered gallery connecting it with the rotunda, and the rotunda itself, which contained the library as well as several lecture-rooms. Happily the larger part of the contents of the library was saved. In the absence of fire-extinguishing apparatus, dynamite was used to prevent the spread of the flames. It was in a vain attempt to save the rotunda, that part of the gallery, with its fine columns and handsome capitals brought from Italy by Jefferson, was blown up. The old chapel and the reading-room, also, were destroyed to save the pavilions and dormitories. Bucket-brigades saved the other buildings; the detachments sent by the Lynchburg and Staunton fire departments arrived too late. The University of Virginia was founded by Thomas Jefferson, who was its first Rector as well. He drew all the plans for the University buildings with his own hand, and framed the statutory enactments, its code of government and plan of studies. The institution was chartered in 1819 and opened in 1824. It is under State patronage, and has always received annual aid from that source. On the day after the fire, the Faculty of the University appointed a building committee, consisting of Prof. W. F. Echols, Noah K. Davis, J. W. Matlette, F. H. Smith and W. D. Dabny. The loss is estimated at \$150,000, with an insurance of possibly \$25,000. The students have begun to secure funds for the restoration of the buildings, and have pledged their contingent deposit; many alumni have promised help, and on Oct. 29 a meeting was held in the Chamber of Commerce at Richmond, Va., Gov. O'Ferrall presiding, at which a committee was appointed to petition the Legislature of the State for an appropriation for the restoration of the buildings. All Virginia newspapers were requested to open subscription lists, and \$7930 was pledged by those present. It is proposed to restore the buildings exactly as Jefferson planned and built them. Lectures have not been interrupted.

The State Board of Education of Connecticut is about to make public the results of a special examination of the public-school system of Tolland County, one of the rural counties of the State, containing only one small city, Rockville. The investigation, which has been along somewhat new lines, shows much the same degree of illiteracy in the public schools which had previously been brought out by three of these county investigations, the results being really startling.

The National Conservatory of Music celebrated the tenth anniversary of its foundation on 27 Oct. "The American School of Opera," as the institution originally was called, started with eighty-four pupils; to-day the Conservatory has 631. Congress granted it a national charter in 1891, empowering it to grant and confer diplomas and the degree of doctor of music and other honorary degrees.

Robert Brown, the traveller and scientist, died in London on Oct. 26. He was born in Caithness in 1842, and studied at the University of Edinburgh, in Leyden, Copenhagen and Rostock. In 1861 he visited Spitzbergen, travelled in the wildest parts of the American continent, in the Pacific and the West Indies, in 1863-6, and was botanist of the British Columbia expedition. He was commander of the Vancouver expedition, visited Greenland with Whymper in 1867, and explored the Barbary states of North



Africa. After this he became lecturer in geology, botany and zoölogy in the Royal High School of Edinburgh and the Mechanics' Institute at Glasgow. He published many books, memoirs, essays, articles, lectures, etc. He was a member of many scientific societies of England, America and the continent of Europe.

An Educational Congress was held at the Atlanta Exposition on Oct. 25-31.

The Lehigh University Club of the City of New York gave a dinner, last week, in honor of Dr. Thomas-Messinger Drown, the University's new President. In the course of his response to the toast of the President of the Club, Mr. Drown said:—"I do not wish an increase of the number of students in language and literature merely for the sake of their influence on the engineering student, for the advantage would even be greater in the other direction. I think it would surprise the average academic student to see the amount of work and enthusiasm which the engineering student throws into his college work. We have now, as you know, a new professor of English language and literature, Professor W. C. Thayer, a man of vast culture, who will devote his whole time and thought not only to providing effectual drill in writing English, so deplorably neglected in many of our colleges, but also to inspiring a love of its literature."

### Notes

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce "Cretan Pictographs and Pre-Phœnician Script," etc., by Arthur J. Evans, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Mr. Evans believes that he has found a clue to the existence of a system of picture-writing in the Greek lands, and of a linear system of writing standing in relation therewith. The same firm will publish "Sketches from Concord and Appledore," by Frank P. Stearns; "The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain," by Montague Burrows; and "The Evolution of Horticulture in New England," by Dr. Samuel D. Slade.

"Corruption," Percy White's new novel, is said to give an internal view of political and social life in London. In view of the present interest in things Turkish and Armenian, a translation of A. G. von Suttner's "Djambek the Georgian" is very timely, as it is a novel of modern Turkey. Both books will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

Macmillan & Co. will soon publish, "Electric Wiring," by Russell Robb, and "American Types," an interesting little book, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., made up of essays, several of which have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The author deals with different varieties of American character, chiefly philosophical and literary, such as the American Pessimist, the American Man-of-Letters, the American Epicurean, etc.

Mr. Edward Arnold will publish in November "Studies in Early Victorian Literature," by Frederic Harrison; and "The Demagogue and Lady Phayre," by William J. Locke, the latter book being the first of the Pioneer Series of novels.

Mr. William Doxey of San Francisco announces "In the Sanctuary," by A. Van der Naillen, being Vol. I. of The California Author Series. The same publisher has ready "The Legend of Aulus, and Other Verse," by Flora Macdonald Shearer; "The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill," a volume of stories for children, illustrated by James Swinnerton; and a series of Gelett Burgess's nonsense verses and pictures, reprinted from *The Lark*.

Messrs. Copeland & Day announce for publication early in November "Garrison Tales from Tonquin," by James O'Neill, who, while in the French army, spent some years on the Anamese peninsula and gained an intimate knowledge of the people, their manners and customs. China, Japan and India have had their chroniclers in fiction, but Mr. O'Neill has broken new ground. The general edition of the book will appear in a binding of printed Oriental paper, especially manufactured for it; there will be, also, a special edition of thirty copies on large Chinese paper, in limp Chinese binding. A poster for "Garrison Tales," by Jo Hing, a Chinese artist, is nearly completed.

Messrs. George H. Richmond & Co. have in press a translation of Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme," in three volumes, illustrated with thirty-two etchings by G. Mercier, from designs by V. Foulquier. The edition will be limited to 1050 copies. This is the first English edition of an acknowledged masterpiece of the French psychological school, a work praised by Balzac, who was Stendhal's contemporary, and by Bourget, who is his pupil. The

same publishers announce an edition of 500 copies of a "Letter from Captain Cuellar to His Majesty Philip II., dated Oct. 4, 1589," now first translated into English by Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., this being the letter to which Froude frequently refers in his "Spanish Armada." The book is the first of a series of historical tracts relating to the Armada.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready a new edition of George Eliot's works, in twenty-one volumes, illustrated by photogravure. They announce, also, "The Witness of Denial," a new novel by Vida Scudder.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. have in press an edition de luxe of "Old and New Lace in Italy," by the Countess di Brazza, and "Two Types of To-day," by the same author; two unpublished essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson, with an introduction by Dr. E. E. Hale; "The Goldfish of Gran Chimú, and Other Peruvian Tales," by Charles F. Lummis; "Earth's Enigmas, and Other Stories," by C. G. D. Roberts; and "The House of the Trees, and Other Poems," by Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Messrs. D. O. Haynes & Co., New York, will publish "One Hundred Years of American Commerce," under the editorship of Chauncey M. Depew. The story will be told by one hundred Americans.

Antoine-Gustave Droz, the French author, who died on Oct. 23 in Paris, was born there, 6 June 1832, and began life as a painter. He scored a brilliant success with "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé," which was published in book-form in 1866, after having attracted universal attention in *La Vie Parisienne*. The book went through 120 editions in twenty years. His later works include "Entre Nous," "Le Cahier Bleu de Mademoiselle Cibot," "Autour d'une Source," "Un Paquet de Lettres," "Les Étangs," "Tristesses et Sourires," which received a prize from the Académie Française, and "L'Enfant." M. Droz was a member of the Legion of Honor, and had been one of the editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* since 1868.

"At the Door of Hell," an original story by Orville E. Watson, will be published by Messrs. Paul Lemperly & F. A. Hilliard, Cleveland, O., in an edition limited to the number of copies subscribed for before 10 Nov., but not to exceed 250.

"William the Conqueror" is the name of Rudyard Kipling's new story, to be published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The November number of this magazine contains a paper on "How Longfellow Wrote His Best-known Poems," by Hezekiah Butterworth. A series of poems by James Whitcomb Riley, with illustrations by A. B. Frost, is about to appear in its pages.

It is said that since "The Prisoner of Zenda" has been put on the stage in this city, more copies of the book have been sold than at any time since its publication.

During his stay in this city, Mr. Hall Caine will be the guest of the Authors' Club and other literary organizations. He will visit Philadelphia and then proceed to Ottawa. The progress of the negotiations for a more satisfactory copyright agreement with Canada he declares to be most satisfactory.

We learn from *The Athenæum* that Messrs. Reeves & Turner are about to issue Mr. Buxton Forman's long-promised edition of Keats's "Letters," in one volume. Besides containing all hitherto published letters of Keats, the volume will present the results of fresh examination of manuscripts and of fresh research. Some new letters are added, the total number standing at 214. The book is sparingly annotated, but somewhat fully illustrated for a work of this class. The frontispiece is a photogravure from Severn's picture in the National Portrait Gallery, representing Keats in his study at Wentworth Place—a full-length figure, reading. It is of interest for costume and accessories, but has curiously enough escaped inclusion in editions of Keats up till now. Mr. Forman has illustrated the wanderings of Keats in his native land by a series of twenty-four pictures of places, not taken from photographs or the work of recent artists, but reproduced from engravings of the early part of this century, so that they represent the various places not as they appear to the tourist of to-day, but as they were when Keats visited them.

### Publications Received

Autobiography of an English Gamblester. Edited by A. H. Bung. \$2.  
G. F. Putnam's Sons.  
Alken, Charles. Forty Years with the Damned. \$1.50.  
Chicago: Purdy Pub. Co.  
Barr, Amelia E. Bernicia. \$1.01.  
Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Barlow, Jane. The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. \$2.  
F. A. Stokes & Co.





Tilghay, C. C. History of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Vol. VII. New York: Christian Literature Co. \$2.50.  
 Todd, George Eyre. Anne of Argyle. \$1.  
 Tristram, H. B. Rambles in Japan. \$2.  
 Van Dyke, Henry. The Story of the Other Wise Man. \$1.50.  
 Washburn, H. S. The Vacant Chair; and, Other Poems. \$1.25.  
 Welsh, James. A White Baby. 50c.  
 Wesselschott, Lily F. Frowie the Runaway. \$1.25.  
 Whishaw, F. J. The Romance of the Woods. \$1.75.

Wharton, A. H. A Last Century Maid. \$2.50.  
 Williams, W. Personal Recollections of Charles Hadden Spurgeon. \$1.50.  
 Wilkins, Mary E. Comfort Pease and Her Gold Ring. 30c.  
 Woolson, Constance F. Mentone, Cairo and Corfu. \$1.75.  
 Woodhouse, R. L. Life of John Milton. \$1.75.  
 Wolfe, Theodore F. A Literary Pilgrimage. \$1.25; Literary Pilgrimage. \$1.25.  
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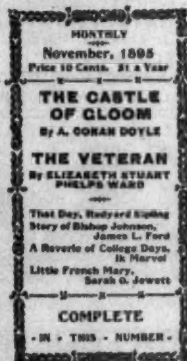
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 Tennyson's Poems, 2 vols., London. 1842; original boards, uncut, 1st Edition.  
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